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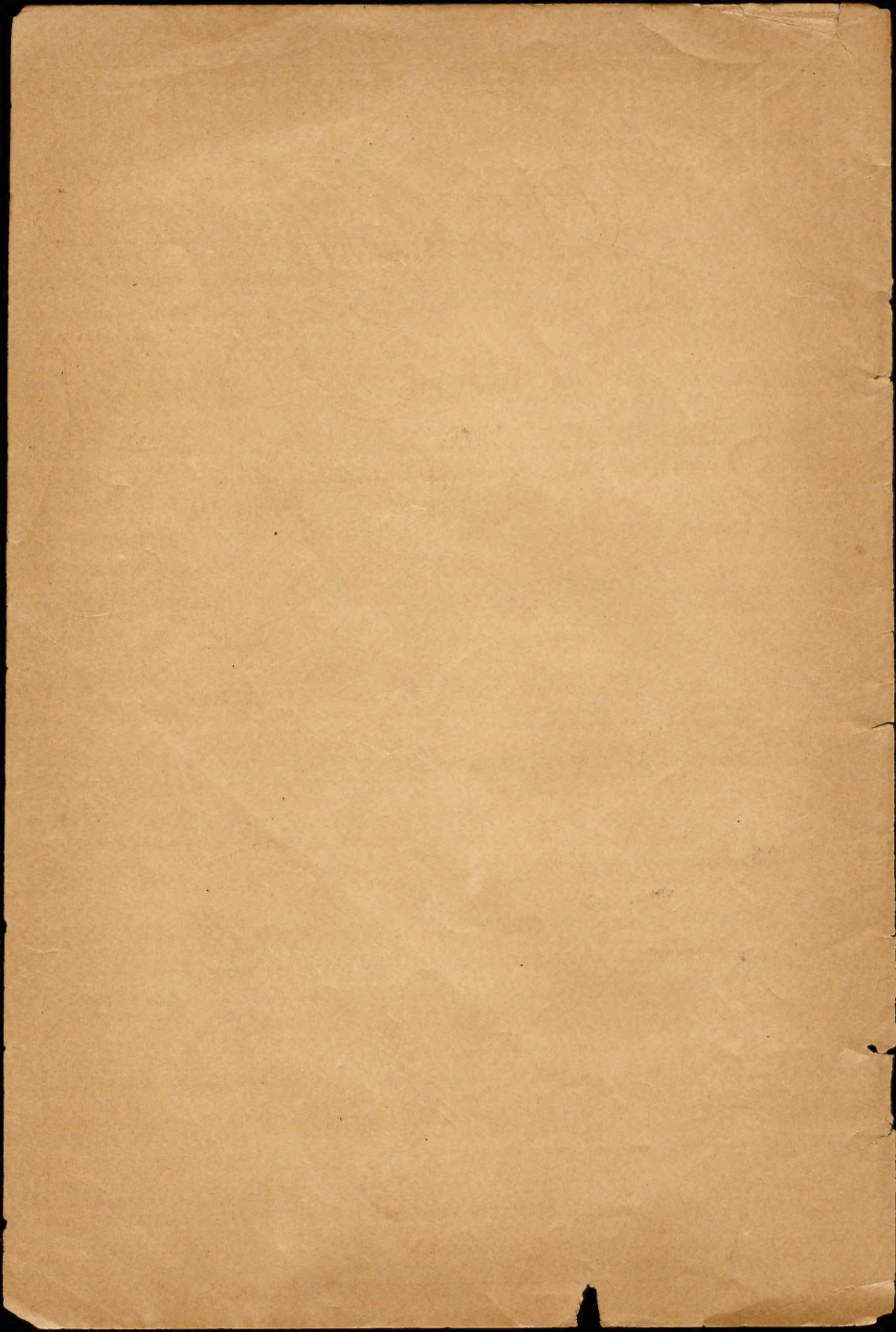
5 CENTS

Nick Carter Stories

THE CROOK'S DOUBLE
OR
NICK CARTER AND THE
FIXED ALIBI



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NICK CARTER STORIES

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No. 74.

NEW YORK, February 7, 1914.

Price Five Cents.

THE CROOK'S DOUBLE; Or, NICK CARTER AND THE FIXED ALIBI.

Edited by CHICKERING CARTER.

CHAPTER I.

THE PREFECTURE OF POLICE.

The date was October fifth. The hour was four o'clock in the afternoon. The scene was a room in the prefecture of police, in the city of Paris.

At a broad table near one of the walls sat Monsieur Jules Lacroix, one of the judiciary, a magistrate whose official functions corresponded with those of a judge of an American municipal court. He was an elderly man with gray hair and gold-bowed spectacles. The table at which he was seated was covered with law books, documents, and legal papers of one kind or another.

Many other persons were present—the magistrate's clerk, two court officers, three policemen, a lawyer named Felix Douchet, who was there to protect the rights, and, if necessary, argue the cause of his client.

Seated in chairs reserved for witnesses were Doctor Victor Devoll, a reputable physician living in the Avenue Henri-Martin; also a trained nurse from one of the hospitals, and two persons whose aspect and demeanor denoted that they were servants. All of them had been summoned by Monsieur Douchet to testify in behalf of his client.

Conspicuous in this assembly were three American detectives—Nick Carter, Chick Carter, and Patsy Garvan.

Acting under the authority and instructions of Monsieur Bertillon, chief of the department of secret investigation, they had arrested three men at noon that day, all of whom had since been in the custody of the police.

The three men were Gaston Didot, Louis Frochard, and the most accomplished and elusive of all French suspects, for he never yet had been cornered and convicted of a crime, though many had been attributed to him—Monsieur Lucien Legarde.

He was the one other person then in the room. He

was the lawyer's client. He was the one person under discussion—or, more precisely, the charges on which he was held, and the claims he was submitting to the magistrate.

For Monsieur Legarde had, under unusual circumstances, been accorded an immediate hearing, and he was attempting to establish an alibi.

The very audacity of it had, when the detectives were unexpectedly summoned, made Nick Carter laugh. It appeared utterly absurd—absolutely preposterous! It was the undertaking of a madman, or a fool.

Nevertheless, when arrested by Nick Carter and his two assistants at noon that day, Monsieur Legarde had confidently predicted that he would be liberated within twenty-four hours.

Only four of them had passed.

The evidence had been submitted to Monsieur Lacroix. He had listened to a narration of the circumstances, had heard all of the convincing statements of the detectives.

There really seemed, as Patsy Garvan quietly observed to Chick, to be nothing to it.

All had been told—how Legarde and his two confederates, Frochard and Didot, had tried on the night of the third, two days before, to murder Mademoiselle Celeste Durand, the beautiful French actress, the stellar attraction at the Thespia; how they had burned a deadly preparation of some kind in the ventilating conduit entering her dressing room, the subtle fumes of which had caused the death of a maltese cat substituted in the room by Nick Carter, and how he and his assistants had secured evidence involving the three men.

It had been told, too, how Legarde, Didot, and Frochard had during the following night, robbed the library safe of Monsieur Jean Poisson; how the latter's daughter had been hypnotized by Legarde and unconsciously compelled to stealthily admit them to the house and to open the safe;

and how Nick and his assistants had arrested the three crooks that morning in Dido's house, in which the stolen property was found.

Could anything be more convincing?

The circumstances appeared absolutely irrefutable.

Monsieur Douchet arose, nevertheless, and began to stately present his side of the case. He began with stating that he had known Legarde for many years, that he frequently acted as his legal adviser, though never before in a criminal cause, and that he had been summoned at one o'clock that day to the cell in which Legarde was confined. He also explained that he had, after having heard his statements and hurriedly verified many of them, appeared to the magistrate for an immediate hearing.

"I now propose to show, Monsieur Lacroix," he then proceeded, gravely addressing the magistrate; "that the charges against my client cannot possibly be sustained, that this eminent American detective has blundered, that he is the victim of mistaken circumstances, or a mistaken identity, and that Monsieur Legarde is entirely innocent of the alleged felonies. I shall establish an irrefutable alibi in both cases, Monsieur Lacroix, upon the testimony of persons whose veracity will not be questioned, I think, in your honorable judgment."

Then, turning to the waiting physician, he called upon him to testify.

Doctor Devoll arose to comply, taking a position near a rail inclosing the magistrate's table.

Monsieur Douchet began to question him.

Your name, residence, and profession, monsieur," said he.

"Victor Devoll, Avenue Henri-Martin. I am a physician," was the reply.

"Are you acquainted with the prisoner?"

"Very well acquainted. I have known him many years."

"Have you ever attended him professionally?"

"Many times, monsieur."

"When was the last time?"

"In the evening of October third," said Doctor Devoll.

"The hour?"

"Seven o'clock, or very near that time."

"Please state the circumstances, also what you saw and did," said Douchet.

"I was called by telephone to Monsieur Legarde's residence, which is quite near my own in the Avenue Henri-Martin. I went there immediately. I found Monsieur Legarde in bed and suffering from an attack of acute indigestion. His symptoms were for a time alarming. I applied heroic remedies and remained with him until after midnight. I did not leave his room, nor did Monsieur Legarde leave his bed. I called in the meantime a trained nurse, Mademoiselle Surbonne, who—"

"That is all, Doctor Devoll, thank you," Douchet interposed. "Mademoiselle Surbonne must speak for herself."

The young woman, whose grave, frank face was a sufficient voucher to her integrity, then arose to testify. She corroborated the statements made by the physician. She testified, moreover, to having attended Monsieur Legarde through the night of the third and most of the following day, when his condition was so improved that her services no longer were needed.

Then followed the testimony of the two servants of Legarde, his chef and housekeeper. Each corroborated that of the physician and nurse. Both testified, also, that Legarde had not left his residence until about eleven o'clock

that morning, or something like an hour before his arrest by the detectives.

Nick Carter listened to all of this without a change of countenance. His face was as inscrutable as that of the sphinx.

The eyes of the magistrate, the clerk, those of the court officers and the three policemen, however, were opening wider. They wondered whether a mistake had, indeed, been made—whether this elusive Legarde was again to slip through the fingers of the law.

Monsieur Legarde appeared to have no interest in the proceedings. His indifference proclaimed his assurance. Only occasionally, when glancing at the detectives, his lips curled with contempt.

Monsieur Douchet summed up the testimony by saying simply:

"Can a man, Monsieur Lacroix, be in two places at once? Obviously, if these good people have told the truth, Monsieur Legarde could not have attempted to murder Mademoiselle Durand at the time and in the manner alleged. It is for the honorable magistrate to decide."

Monsieur Douchet sat down.

The magistrate turned and gazed inquiringly at Nick Carter.

Nick said simply:

"I have stated the circumstances bearing upon the crime committed on the night of October third, Monsieur Lacroix. I have nothing to add to my statement."

The magistrate bowed.

Monsieur Douchet arose again quickly. He stepped nearer and whispered a few words to the magistrate, and then to the three policemen.

All three immediately hastened from the room.

CHAPTER II.

AN AMAZING ALIBI.

Monsieur Douchet, turning again, addressed the magistrate.

"In so far as the night of October third is concerned," said he, "I am content, Monsieur Lacroix, to let the cause of my client rest upon the testimony already given. In regard to the robbery committed last night, however, and his alleged conduct this morning, I have sent for another witness who, I am assured, will presently arrive. In the meantime, with your permission, I will have my client answer a few questions."

Monsieur Lacroix hesitated for a moment, then signified his consent with a gesture.

Legarde immediately arose and stepped nearer the inclosure.

"At what time, Monsieur Legarde, did you leave your residence this morning?" Douchet began.

"At ten minutes before eleven," replied Legarde calmly.

"For the first time since when?"

"Since six o'clock on the evening of October third."

"Where did you go this morning?"

"I went directly to the Palais de Justice."

"For what purpose?"

"To talk with the chief of the department of secret investigation, Monsieur Bertillon."

"About what?"

"I wanted to protest against most unjust and extraordinary persecutions with which I had been threatened."

"Threatened by whom?"

"By Monsieur Nick Carter, the American detective," asserted Legarde, without so much as a glance in Nick's direction.

"Were you then acquainted with Monsieur Carter?" asked Douchet.

"I had met him only once."

"When and where, Monsieur Legarde?"

"He called at my business apartments in the Boulevard Montmartre, on the afternoon of October third."

"It must have been on that occasion, then, that he threatened you?"

"It was, monsieur," bowed Legarde.

"What did he do, or say?"

"He introduced himself. He stated that he had only one object in coming to France. He intimated that I had the reputation of being a very successful crook, and that his mission was, using his own words, to get me. I did not ask him just what he meant, for I did not care. He appears, however, to have got me in trouble, if that was his meaning," Legarde coolly added, now turning a scornful eye upon the listening detective.

Nick Carter did not call him a liar, though he knew him to be one. He knew, also, that the rascal was playing an extraordinary game, that he was making an audacious bid for liberty, and Nick waited to see just how far he would carry it and what more he had up his sleeve.

"When did you next see Monsieur Carter?" Douchet resumed.

"About noon to-day," replied Legarde.

"One moment," said Nick, "I wish to remind Monsieur Legarde that he met me in the Champs Elysées yesterday noon, October fourth."

The magistrate glanced from one to the other.

Legarde gazed straight at Nick and shook his head.

"Monsieur Carter is mistaken," he boldly asserted. "As four persons have testified, Monsieur Lacroix, I then was ill in my residence."

"I saw your ghost, then, or your double," said Nick curtly.

Legarde shrugged his shoulders and laughed.

"*Pardieu!*" he said dryly. "Monsieur often sees double, I think."

The magistrate frowned.

Nick resumed his seat.

"Now, Monsieur Legarde," Douchet continued; "state under what circumstances you again met Monsieur Carter at noon to-day."

Legarde drew himself up and bowed.

"After leaving Monsieur Bertillon's office," he began: "I started to call on a friend, who, having heard of my illness, had sent me some roses. Her testimony, if necessary, may be easily obtained. My way to her home took me through the Rue d'Alsace. It then was nearly noon. I was passing a wooden dwelling. I heard cries from within. I paused, thinking some one might be injured, though I could distinguish nothing that was said. While I waited, uncertain what I should do, a man rushed out of the house and fled. He ran away at the top of his speed. I was surprised. I was, in fact, astounded. For I saw that the man—bore a striking resemblance to me!"

"To you, Monsieur Legarde?" questioned the magistrate.

Legarde bowed with profound gravity. He appeared to see nothing audacious in his assertion.

"To me, Monsieur Lacroix," he replied. "I was so astonished, in fact, that I made no attempt to stop him. In-

stead, still hearing cries from within, I entered the house, the door of which had been left open by the excited fugitive."

"And then?"

"Then, Monsieur Lacroix, I discovered my terrible mistake," said Legarde. "I no sooner had stepped foot in the hall, than I was seized and handcuffed by two of these American detectives. I protested that they had blundered, that I had done no wrong, that the man they supposed me to be had just fled from the house. They laughed at me. They treated me derisively. My protests proved vain. I was arrested, imprisoned, and—well, Monsieur Lacroix, here I am! That is all I can say."

"Stop a moment, Legarde, if Monsieur Lacroix will permit me," Nick said sternly, rising. "You have lied out of whole cloth. Nothing of the kind occurred. No man fled from Didot's house. I saw you there at eleven o'clock. I saw you go out for a few moments and return with Didot and Frochard. I arrested all three of you without any disturbance. You—"

"*Pardieu!*" cried Legarde. "You are mistaken. You cannot possibly be right. For I at eleven o'clock was in the office of—ah! he is here! Monsieur Douchet—if you please!"

He bowed, waved his hand, and drew back to a chair. Monsieur Bertillon was entering the room. He had heard of the arrest. He had not, however, learned any of the particulars.

Douchet suspected the last. He took immediate advantage of it. He said briskly, with an apologetic bow for having summoned so distinguished a person.

"I am your debtor, Monsieur Bertillon, and will detain you only a few moments. Your testimony is required to establish an alibi. Monsieur Legarde, my client, claims to have talked with you in your office at a certain hour this morning. Is it true? Do you remember? Can you positively identify him?"

Monsieur Bertillon, bowing gravely to the magistrate, had approached the inclosure.

He turned and looked at Legarde. He was frowning slightly. He felt instinctively that he might block the good work already done by the detectives, that his word alone might liberate the elusive scoundrel whom he long had been anxious to corner and convict, and for which alone he had employed the Carters and brought them to France. He was above misrepresentation, however, or any evasion of the truth. He replied in a moment:

"Yes, Monsieur Douchet, it is true. Monsieur Legarde called at my office this morning."

"You talked with him?"

"I did."

"How long would you say the interview lasted?"

"Nearly half an hour."

"Can you definitely state at what time Monsieur Legarde entered your office?"

"Yes. Having an appointment a little later, I remember that I glanced at my watch."

"The hour?"

"It was exactly eleven o'clock."

Monsieur Douchet turned on his heel.

"Stand up, Monsieur Legarde," he directed. "Now, Monsieur Bertillon, can you positively identify this man as the one under discussion?"

Monsieur Bertillon, instead of replying, began to question Legarde concerning what had passed between them,

Legarde rehearsed their interview from beginning to end. He told which chair he had occupied. He described a document that was lying on Monsieur Bertillon's desk at the time. He mentioned two interruptions that had occurred. He displayed in the palm of his hand a slight stain of ink, caused by inadvertently laying his hand on Monsieur Bertillon's pen, a circumstance the latter remembered. He was convinced. He turned quite abruptly and said positively:

"There can be no mistake, Monsieur Lacroix. This man was in my office during the half hour mentioned."

"Obviously, then, Monsieur Carter was mistaken," cried Douchet. "He did not see Legarde in Didot's house at eleven o'clock. He saw his ghost, or his double, as he has said—the man whom he claims to have met in the Champs Elysées, when my client was ill in bed. A man once mistaken, Monsieur Lacroix, may be twice mistaken. Monsieur Carter arrested, as Legarde alleges—the wrong man."

Nick Carter did not speak, did not betray by look or sign what he had in mind. The faces of Chick and Patsy, however, looked as hard as flint.

There was a stir at the door. One of the policemen was bringing in Gaston Didot. He was questioned and then removed.

Frochard took his place.

They were questioned separately, these alleged confederates of Legarde. Both asserted that he was a stranger. Both corroborated his statements. But neither would reveal the identity of the man, who, a counterfeit likeness of Legarde, had fled from Didot's house.

Nick knew they were lying, but he did not speak. He foresaw that it would do no good. He had no more to offer, in fact, than he already had stated.

One more witness was heard, for whom one of the policemen had been hurriedly sent. This was Lucille Poisson, the girl Nick was absolutely sure had been hypnotized by Legarde and made an unconscious accomplice in the robbery. She was pale, awed, and trembling when she was led into the room and placed face to face with the prisoner.

Legarde gazed fixedly at her, and she at him.

A tinge of red appeared in her cheeks. She no longer trembled. She heard Monsieur Douchet question her, heard him ask whether she recognized the prisoner; but, instead of replying to him, she turned to the magistrate, and said:

"There is some mistake, monsieur. I know a man named Lucien Legarde. I have lunched and dined with him. I have always met him by appointment, however, and know nothing more definite about him. This gentleman, monsieur, is not the man!"

Douchet waved both hands and sat down.

It then was five o'clock—five hours since the arrest of Legarde, five hours since he made his audacious prediction.

Such a hearing, such an accumulation of testimony, could have only one result—and Nick Carter made no move to block it.

At ten minutes past five, Legarde walked out of the room—a free man.

Nick Carter, departing with his assistants, encountered him at the street door a few minutes later.

Legarde had telephoned for his limousine. He and his

lawyer were waiting for it. He greeted the detective with a laugh.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, bowing and lifting his hat. "What did I tell you, my dear Carter? You have not forgotten my prediction, eh? You now will admit you were mistaken, eh? *Pardieu!* what else can you do? But do not be downcast. We all make mistakes. Our failures are stepping-stones to success. We may not meet again. I bid you adieu—and wish you a delightful return voyage to America."

Nick eyed him coldly for a moment.

"I am not going to America, Legarde," he replied, with ominous quietude.

"Ah!"

"I am going to remain in France."

"*Pardieu!* Is it possible?" cried Legarde, laughing. "What an agreeable surprise. I suppose there now would be nothing to keep you. Remain in France, eh? Till when, my dear Carter?"

"Till I get you, Legarde," Nick curtly informed him.

"Get me! Get me—*sapristi!*" cried Legarde, laughing. "What an agreeable surprise. I suppose there now would be nothing to keep you. Remain in France, eh? Till when, my dear Carter?"

"Dog, eh?" said Nick, steadily eyeing him. "I am glad to have learned what you think me. Take it from me, then—you shall feel my teeth."

CHAPTER III.

AN UNEXPECTED APPEAL.

"But we know that we were right. They lied, Nick, one and all of them."

"Oh, no, not all of them," said Nick Carter, interrupting the earnest remarks of his assistant. "Some of them told the truth."

"But that alibi was cut and dried," Chick insisted. "It was fixed from beginning to end—"

"That's the very point, Chick," said Nick, again interrupting. "It was so well fixed, moreover, and the few circumstances that could not have been fixed happened so favorably for Legarde, that we were in hopelessly wrong, in spite of the fact that we knew we were right."

"Still—"

"Oh, there was nothing to it. The testimony, both the true and the false, was all against us. It was sufficient to overwhelm us. That is why I made no fight after having stated all of the circumstances. I knew it would do no good. I saw plainly that Monsieur Lacroix believed the others and distrusted us. I don't know that I can blame him. Who would have the audacity to question the discernment and integrity of Monsieur Bertillon? His testimony alone was enough to throw us down."

"There's no getting around that, Nick, as far as it goes," Chick admitted.

"The alibi was from one standpoint a colossal success, a piece of superb engineering. It was a credit to the rascal who gave us the slip."

"You really think, then—"

"I'll tell you precisely what I think," Nick again inter-

posed. "As for Didot and Frochard, we know very well that they lied. They are Legarde's tools. They had been told what to say, precisely how to testify, in event of just such an emergency. That part of it was, as you say, cut and dried. They were content to free him, in so far as their testimony went, even though they still would be convicted of the robbery."

"Surely. That's a cinch, of course."

"It probably is understood, however, that Legarde will do all in his power to aid them to subsequently escape."

"Very likely."

"Now, on the other hand, Monsieur Bertillon, Doctor Devoll, and Mademoiselle Surbonne told the truth," Nick proceeded. "Their honesty is unquestionable. The fact that their testimony is so thoroughly reliable, moreover, plainly denotes that Legarde has a double, indeed, or a confederate who can make up so nearly like him that trickery is comparatively easy."

"You think it was his double, then, that you met in the Champs Elysées?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And whom you saw in Didot's house at eleven o'clock?"

"Yes."

"And whom we, in reality, arrested?"

"Surely."

"But—"

"One moment," said Nick. "Legarde is too crafty to be caught napping. He knew we came over here to get him. He has foreseen much that we might accomplish. He has done all in his power, therefore, to baffle and mystify us, as well as to put us in wrong with the police and the courts."

"Gee! he has cut some ice, all right," remarked Patsy, who had been listening to the foregoing.

"Undoubtedly," Nick went on; "Legarde is paying big graft to many persons, his lawyer, his servants, his confederates, and Heaven knows whom else. He is a polished, brainy, resourceful, and audacious rascal, endowed with remarkable foresight, nerve, and assurance. Otherwise he could not so long have fooled the French police. We shall find him a hard nut to crack."

"It must have been his double, then, whom we arrested with Didot and Frochard," said Chick, more gravely.

"There is no question about it," Nick replied. "Monsieur Bertillon's testimony proves conclusively that Legarde himself then was in the criminologist's office."

"But all three men, Nick, were turned over to the police and lodged in jail."

"True."

"How, then, did Legarde get into prison and his double get out? Legarde surely was the man in court."

Nick laughed a bit grimly.

"That was the trick, Chick," said he. "It enabled his double to escape. Legarde so had schemed that he could surely set up his alibi. Both, then, were liberated, you see, and there was no charge standing against Legarde himself. His lies about entering Didot's house and the escape of a double made it appear, as he asserted, that we were the ones who blundered, and arrested the wrong man."

"But, even so, how did he substitute himself in prison for the man arrested?"

"He did it with the help of his lawyer."

"Douchet?"

"Yes."

"But how?"

"Easily enough," said Nick. "I have looked into The double sent for Douchet and told him just what had occurred in Didot's house. Douchet hastened to inform Legarde, and then appealed to Monsieur Lacroix for a hearing. In the meantime, Legarde disguised himself as Douchet's clerk, one Paul Renaud, using a disguise probably provided for just such an emergency."

"I see."

"By stating that Douchet had sent him to further question his client, the supposed Renaud easily obtained an interview with the prisoner in his cell. Thus Legarde and his double were brought together. Only a quick shift of disguise then was necessary. The double walked out, supposed to be Renaud, of course, while Legarde remained in the cell, having no doubt that he could establish his alibi. That, I am sure, was the way it was done."

"Renaud, then, as well as Douchet, must be one of Legarde's confederates, or, as we say in New York, one of his gang."

"Undoubtedly."

"But Lucille Poisson—why did she testify that she did not recognize Legarde?"

"Didn't you see Legarde fix his eyes upon her when she entered?"

"Yes, I observed that," Chick nodded.

"Well, that explains it," said Nick. "That girl, as we well know, is a helpless subject to Legarde's hypnotic power. He had her under control the moment he caught her eye. She did not know what she testified. Her testimony came, not from her own mind, but from that of Legarde himself."

"By Jove, he's a wonder, then!" said Chick. "I'm inclined to think you are right."

"It appears, moreover, in the fact that his double, as well as I, could exercise a sort of secondary hypnotic power over her by means of a mirror, as we did in Didot's house. Legarde had put her in the necessary mental condition, or attitude. He is so crafty, mind you, that he sets his tools to work and personally lurks in the background, whenever there is any serious liability to danger—as in the attempted murder of Celeste Durand, the actual work in which case was done only by Didot and Frochard. Also, in the attempt of his double to learn who was investigating the Poisson robbery and what was suspected."

"That seems, Nick, to cover all of the ground," said Chick. "It looks very much, too, as if you had sized up the whole business correctly."

"I think we can safely bank on it," Nick replied confidently. "No other theories dovetail perfectly with all of the circumstances. I have considered them from A to Z."

"The question is, then—how are we to square ourselves and get Legarde?"

"We'll get him, Chick, all right."

"Gee! We've got to get him," said Patsy emphatically. "Our reputation is at stake. We cannot let that guy get away after serving us such a trick. Holy smoke! I couldn't sleep nights."

"We'll get him, Patsy, both him and his double," said Nick.

"If he gives us a chance."

"He'll do that—you heard what he said to me after he was liberated."

"Yes. And I was mighty near giving him a jolt for saying it."

"There would have been nothing in that."

"It would have closed his insolent mouth, at least, and have afforded me some satisfaction."

"It also would have landed you in court," said Nick.

"We'll jolt him a little later, Patsy, in a way that—"

Nick was interrupted by a muttered remark from Chick.

"Don't look, Nick, at present."

"Something doing?" Nick murmured.

"A couple at the third table on the left," Chick whispered. "They are very swell. The man appears nervous and irritable. The woman has something on her mind. I saw her writing stealthily on a scrap of paper a few moments ago, and she repeatedly has glanced this way. I think she knows you by sight. She appears extremely cautious, however, and seems to fear detection by her companion. Have a look at her presently."

Nick nodded, but did not immediately comply.

He was dining with Chick and Patsy at the Pavillon d'Armenonville, in the Bois de Boulogne, that evening—two days following the arrest and liberation of Lucien Legarde. Though they had been talking quietly, there was little danger of being overheard in the stir and confusion at that hour.

Their table was in an alcove, moreover, commanding a view of much of the famous restaurant, which then was literally thronged with fashionable people—scrupulously clad men, women in gorgeous raiment and blazing jewels, a gay, vivacious, chattering throng for the most part, full of life, some tolerably full of wine, and all presenting a scene not to be duplicated outside of Paris.

For one meets the world of fashion and society at d'Armenonville. Limousines, taxicabs, victorias, conveyances of indescribable variety, are constantly arriving and depositing their precious freight there. It is not quite bohemia, however. It is above the bubble and froth of wild and reckless Parisiana. There are toilets from Paquin and Beers, roses and exotics in profusion, exquisite cuisine and service, with prices to correspond. The music of a Tzigane orchestra sobbs on the rosy air.

At a table near that of the detectives was a party from the Comédie Française, exquisitely gowned women and carefully groomed men. At the next sat a South American diamond king, old, wrinkled, and dyspeptic—with a wife in the twenties, bedecked with jewels, dazzling and beautiful.

Beyond was the Duchess of Horchester, entertaining a party of English friends. To her right was an American actress of note, strikingly attired, in company with a Russian prince, who was known to be a high roller. Near by were two hooked-nosed duchesses from the Faubourg St. Germaine, in company with a well-known count, who was there to absorb gossip for a sensational American newspaper.

Presently, looking up, Nick glanced at the couple Chick had mentioned.

They were, indeed, distinguished-looking persons, noticeable even in such an assembly of the wealthy and fashionable. The man was large, broad-shouldered, and set up like an athlete, a man evidently in the forties, with a dark, somewhat severe, type of countenance.

His companion was much younger, a beautiful blonde, in the twenties. She was handsomely dressed. A costly Irish-lace shawl hung over the back of her chair. Twined

thrice around her neck and trailing over her breast was a superb rope of pearls, alone worth a fortune. Her shapely white hands were laden with diamonds and rubies. Nick watched her for a moment, and saw, as Chick had said, that she was uneasy, that she ate sparingly, and that at times her hands trembled perceptibly.

The man, frowning darkly, was constantly glancing toward the nearer tables and at every new arrival.

"Do you know her?" Chick asked.

"Not personally," Nick replied. "I knew her father very well."

"Yes?"

"The late Senator Arkright, of New York."

"Great Scott!" Chick muttered. "Amelia Arkright, eh? I've heard of her."

"Who hasn't?" queried Nick tersely. "She inherited something like twenty millions. You know what that means."

"A sacrifice for a title, ordinarily."

"Not in this case. She had many opportunities, I have heard, but this was said to be a genuine love match. She married the Count de Cardillac, who can trace his pedigree as far back as Charlemagne, if there's anything in that."

"Not much, Nick, in these days."

"He also is very wealthy," Nick added. "Their residence, or château, is in the vicinity of Faubourg St. Germaine. It is said to be one of the finest estates in Paris."

"I suppose that man is her husband."

"I presume so, but I never have met him. He looks a bit upset and out of sorts. She, too, appears nervous and—careful! She is looking this way."

Chick instantly lowered his gaze.

Patsy's eyes already were averted.

Nick continued looking toward the woman, however, but with an absent expression, as if his mind was elsewhere.

Then, for a moment, the Countess de Cardillac looked straight at him. Their gaze met. For the hundredth part of a second her eyes took on an expression of utterly indescribable appeal, a look of almost agonized entreaty. She dropped one jeweled hand below the edge of the table, spreading it, and displaying, concealed in her palm, a folded scrap of paper.

All this happened in a very few seconds.

Nick never had seen a more pathetic look in a woman's eyes. For a moment he feared that her husband had observed it, or her stealthy action.

For the face of the Count de Cardillac had suddenly turned as dark as a thundercloud—but his gaze was upon a couple who had just arrived, and who then were entering from the terrace. He sprang to his feet, muttered something to his wife, who also hurriedly arose and allowed him to throw her lace shawl over her shoulders.

They departed immediately, through an aisle taking them directly by the table at which the detectives were seated.

Madame Cardillac, as pale as if on the verge of fainting, bent slightly to gather up her trailing skirts. With a deft movement of her hand, she tossed the wad of paper nearly at Nick's feet, though without a glance at him or his companions. Then she was gone, all save the aroma of mignonette wafted from her regal garments.

Nick dropped his napkin and picked up with it—the wad of paper.

"Gee!" thought Patsy. "There's something doing, all right."

Nick spread the scrap of paper, concealing it in his palm. It had been torn from a newspaper, one which the count had been glancing at while waiting to be served. Written on it with a pencil were the following words, an entreaty as brief as the recent appealing look in the writer's lovely eyes:

"I must see you! The Louvre. Salon Caze. Three to-morrow."

While they bowed over the meal they were discussing, Nick quietly read the significant missive to his companions.

"By Jove, there's something wrong," Chick muttered. "What do you make of it, Nick?"

"She recognized me," Nick replied. "She is in trouble of some kind, and wants my advice or assistance. I read that much in her eyes."

"What will you do?"

"Keep the appointment."

"Gee! That's the stuff, chief," said Patsy.

"Bear in mind," Nick added, slipping the scrap of paper into his pocket, "she is an American girl, and appeals to an American detective. Shall I turn from one of my own on foreign soil? Not much! *Noblesse oblige!* I am at her service."

"Good on your head!" chuckled Patsy. "Jiminy crickets! I hope I get in on this."

"But why did they leave so abruptly?" questioned Chick. "She was as white as chalk, and he looked green-eyed with suppressed feeling. He must have detected her covert glances at you."

"I don't think so," said Nick, looking up. "It may be that he— Ah, by Jove! here may be the rat in the meal."

Nick had glanced toward the table just vacated by the Count de Cardillac and his wife.

The couple that had entered a moment before were taking the vacant chairs.

The woman was a statuesque, flashily clad brunette—Mademoiselle Guillet, of the Moulin Rouge.

Her companion was—Lucien Legarde.

CHAPTER IV.

A BOLT FROM THE BLUE.

Nick Carter kept his appointment with the Countess de Cardillac.

Three o'clock found him entering the Louvre. There was the customary afternoon throng, tourists from every corner of the earth, students from the Latin quarter, idlers seeking only amusement, people flocking in every direction, living streams constantly on the move, with groups and couples pausing here and there to view and discuss some object of special interest, or some highly admired work of art.

Nick learned from one of the uniformed attendants in what part of the vast museum the Salon Caze was located—a room included in the picture galleries and containing the fine collection of paintings donated by Monsieur Caze. He saw at once why it had been selected for the rendezvous. There were fewer people, a less constant throng, while inconspicuous seats in parts of the room afforded reasonable privacy.

Nick quickly discovered the woman awaiting him. She

occupied a settee fronting the paintings on one of the end walls, with her veil partly lowered and her face averted from general observation. She saw him, also, and signed for him to join her.

Nick did so deliberately, first casting a furtive glance at the half dozen men among the score of people then in the room.

Legarde was not among them.

Bowing when he approached her, as if the meeting was purely accidental, Nick took the hand she extended without rising, though she drew him down beside her on the settee. She was pale, nervous, and trembled, but there was a look of profound gratitude in her large blue eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Carter!" she murmured. "How good it seems to greet one from dear old New York. You wonder at my knowing you, no doubt, and what madness possessed me in writing you and begging an interview. I will tell you who I am and—"

"There is no occasion," Nick gently interposed. "You were Miss Amelia Arkright, of Fifth Avenue, now the Countess de Cardillac."

"Ah! you recognized me last evening."

"Yes. I knew your father very well, and occasionally called on him on business. I infer that you must have seen me."

"True. I read in the newspapers, too, that you were in Paris. I was so glad to know it. I remember how highly my father esteemed you. I knew you would remember, also, and that I could wisely appeal to you. I am terribly in need of advice, and of such services as I know you can render."

"I inferred something of the kind, countess, and—"

"Hush!"

She laid her hand on his for a moment. A tinge of red dispelled her paleness. Her face, which still retained much of its girlish beauty and ingenuousness, took on an expressive smile.

"Let's get away from titles for a time," she said significantly. "You were my father's intimate friend, one in whom he confided and to whom he went for advice. Be mine, then, if only for his sake. You know my name—Amelia. It seems good to go back to first principles, to get off of stilts and down to Mother Earth. You understand?"

"Perfectly," said Nick, touched by her underlying gravity and pathos. "In memory of your father, then, Amelia, I—"

"Ah! How good that sounds!"

"What is the trouble?" Nick added, as if she had not interrupted. "How can I advise you, or be of any service?"

"You are willing?"

"Very, I assure you."

"Ah! I knew you would be," said she gratefully.

"You are right, too, in bringing me to the point. I am taking such chances by meeting you in this clandestine way. We will waste no time."

"Chances of what, Amelia?" Nick gravely questioned. "Of being seen, recognized, and exposed, and of incurring my husband's distrust and most inordinate jealousy," she replied, with suppressed feeling. "Let me explain. I will do so in a nutshell, for I know you will understand."

"Do so," said Nick. "I am all attention."

"First, then, a word about my husband and our relations:

I married the Count de Cardillac two years ago. I loved him devotedly and he me. The depth of his love is all that any mortal woman could ask for. But—oh, these hot-headed Frenchmen! They are as volatile as ether, as erratic as quicksilver. They love to distraction, but they distrust in a corresponding degree. It's a result of the life, the atmosphere of Paris. The deeper a man's love, the greater and more ungovernable his jealousy. And Albert, my husband—heavens, he's the worst of them all."

"Jealous?"

"Unreasonably so."

"He distrusts you?"

"Not exactly, for I rigidly avoid giving him any occasion," said Amelia. "If I look at another man, however, or one at me—heavens! It's like a snowflake on a hot stove. Off his love goes on a tangent. He wants to fight on the instant, and not unfrequently with me. Poor fellow, he cannot help it. It's in his make-up. You now can see, Mr. Carter, why I was so circumspect in writing to you, why I asked you to secretly meet me here. I could not think of any excuse for inviting you to my home. My husband would surely know, and he might even have insisted upon being present. That would prevent my telling you what troubles me and what I require."

"Then it does not relate to your husband?" said Nick.

"Oh, no!" Amelia shook her head. "That is to say—only indirectly."

"To whom, then?"

"The other man."

"Other man?"

"Yes."

"There is, then, another?"

"Wait—let me explain," Amelia entreated, when Nick's brows knit disapprovingly. "You misunderstand me. I refer to a man whom I do not even know by name, hardly by sight, but by whom I am being constantly, persistently, horribly persecuted. Unless something is done, I shall go mad—stark mad. Something really must be done, Mr. Carter, and you must do it. I know that you can. I know that you will. Your visit to France at just this time is to me like a godsend."

"Let me understand you clearly," said Nick, noting her increased paleness, her tremulous shudders. "You are seriously upset; your nerves are unstrung. Is it because of this man?"

"Yes."

"Yet you do not know him?"

"No."

"When did you first meet him, see him, or become aware of his existence?" questioned Nick. "You are telling me a strange story."

"It is a strange story," said Amelia, again placing her hand on that of the detective. "It may seem to you like folly, like the silly timidity of a schoolgirl, or the hallucination of a—"

"No, no, nothing of the kind," Nick gently protested. "The effect upon you is too serious. If it were to continue, you would go down and out with nervous prostration. That must be prevented and the trouble averted. Tell me the whole business. Omit nothing."

"It will relieve me to do so, for I have not dared to confide in my husband," said Amelia. "Trouble might ensue. A duel might follow. Blood might be shed. Albert, whom I love most dearly, who would fight only for honor or for my sake, might be killed. No, no, I could

not confide in him. I feared to do so, feared for his sake—and it now is too late. He already distrusts—suspects—"

"Wait!" Nick checked her gently. "You must not run on in this way. We shall never come to an understanding. I see plainly enough, as I saw last evening, that you are seriously disturbed. I will do all that I can to aid you, but I first must know what it is necessary to do. Begin at the beginning, therefore, and tell me about this man. When did you first meet him?"

"I did not meet him—not at first," said the Countess de Cardillac, more calmly. "About a month ago, however, while dining with my husband at the Maison Paillard, I had a sudden feeling that some one was gazing at me."

"Gazing at you, eh?"

"Yes. Not merely looking at me with cursory interest, mind you, but gazing intently at me with some evil object at heart. That was my impression, at least, and I since have proved it to be correct. I tried in vain to throw off the feeling. Each moment it took stronger hold upon me. It annoyed me, depressed me—all the more, Mr. Carter, because I could not discover any person staring at me. I—"

"One moment," said Nick. "Did this feeling continue until you left the Maison Paillard?"

"Until I left the dining room."

"And then?"

"It was gone instantly."

"H'm! I see," Nick murmured, with a rising suspicion.

"Are you naturally sensitive?"

"Very."

"Sensitive natures sometimes are thus affected. Tell me—when did you next experience anything of the kind?"

"The following evening."

"Where?"

"At the opera, with a party of friends," said Amelia.

"After the first act, Mr. Carter, I again was suddenly moved with the same terrible feeling. I could not dispel it, could not overcome it. I not only felt that some one was gazing steadily at me, but also that it was the same person as before. My impressions, my feelings, my intense annoyance, amounting almost to loathing—all were the same. I became nervous. My husband noticed it. I explained by saying that I was weary—my first misrepresentation."

"You did not discover the man?"

"Not that evening."

"When did you?"

"Not for more than a week, after having suffered the same tortures on other occasions."

"Always in a public place?"

"Yes."

"When did you first detect the man gazing at you?"

"About three weeks ago."

"Tell me about it."

"I was lunching with a girl friend in the Café de Paris. Suddenly the same feelings came over me. I was trying to overcome them, when my friend quietly remarked that a man at another table was watching me. I suddenly turned and saw him doing so. I remembered, then, that I had seen him on other occasions, though not, so far as I had observed, looking at me."

"Did he continue to stare at you when you turned?"

"No. He was lunching with another man, with whom he at once began talking."

"Did he betray any embarrassment, as if he realized that he had been detected?"

"Not the slightest. His expression did not change by so much as a shadow. That has always been the case. He appears neither to know me, nor to have any interest in me—but I know that is only a pretense."

"Have you any other reason for thinking so than the feelings you describe?" Nick inquired.

"Yes."

"State them."

"Understand, Mr. Carter, that this has continued for the three weeks since I saw him in the Café de Paris. I have seldom appeared in public in the evening that I did not encounter him. At the Château de Madrid one evening my husband also saw him gazing at me. He at once questioned me about him. I avoided trouble by pretending that I knew nothing about the man. A similar incident occurred the following night. A week later, when coming home one night, my husband entered in much excitement, saying that he had just passed the same man near a side gate entering our rear garden. I saw that he was jealous, even suspicious, of the stranger, and I resolved to endure these persecutions rather than cause any trouble. For he never has addressed me, never so much as smiled, or showed any sign of recognition. I did not tell my husband, thinking it would only make a bad matter worse."

"I understand," said Nick. "I think, too, that I fully appreciate your feelings and the situation in which you are placed. You said, I think, that you do not know the man."

"I do not."

"Does your husband?"

"No."

"Have you ever inquired his name?"

"No, indeed! I shrink from anything of the kind. Publicity would be terribly objectionable. I knew I could confide in you, however, and that you would advise me. Something must be done. I am living in constant, ever-increasing fear of that man. His eyes terrify me. The mere thought of him depresses me. I don't know what it means, of what his designs consist, nor why he persists in—"

"Stop a moment," said Nick. "When did you last see him?"

"At the Pavillon d'Armenonville, last evening." My husband saw him entering with a woman, and he insisted that we should immediately depart. We passed him in going out. He did not so much as glance at me—but, oh, Mr. Carter, I felt as if the chill of death had fallen upon me."

Nick saw that she was trembling again, that even a discussion of the circumstances completely unnerved her. He did not tell her what he knew, what he suspected. He felt that it would only increase her distress, her apprehensions, and he took what then seemed to be the better course."

"You need tell me no more," he said earnestly. "I now will ask you a question, Amelia, that I occasionally asked your father."

"What question, Mr. Carter?"

"Are you willing to leave this matter entirely to me, believing that I can handle it properly, and effectually dispose of it?"

"I am, indeed, as I know he would reply," said Amelia feelingly.

"Very good," said Nick. "Do so, then. Return home and think no more about this man. Say nothing to your husband about him. If you meet him again, pay no attention to him, nor to any feelings that the meeting may arouse. In other words," Nick added impressively, "you may leave this man to me."

"You mean—"

"I mean that I will stand between you and any harm he would do you," Nick interposed, with convincing assurance. "Take it from me—you soon will see no more of him."

The face of the Countess de Cardillac wore a look of intense relief. Coming from Nick Carter, such an assurance meant volumes to her. She did not question his ability, his designs, nor doubt that he would accomplish all he promised. She grasped his hand and pressed it warmly, saying:

"Oh, Mr. Carter, what can I do to repay you? How can I thank you?"

"By merely doing what I have directed," said Nick, smiling. "Return home and put this man out of your mind. It will be a pleasure to me, Amelia, to put him—well, where you will see no more of him. Don't ask me what I mean. I am going now, and will contrive to see you again before leaving Paris."

"Yes, do!" she pleaded, clinging to his hand for a moment. "Promise me that, also. Promise!"

"I promise," said Nick.

Then, bowing while he gently pressed her hand, he turned and left her. He did not foresee, despite his customary discernment, when and where he was destined to keep that promise.

It was five o'clock when he joined Chick and Patsy in their flat in the Rue Richelieu. Here he told them what had transpired and what he suspected.

"Gee! We've got something on her, chief," was Patsy's comment. "We know the man, all right, and have that advantage."

"Sure thing," Chick agreed. "His arrival immediately after she left the Pavillon d'Armenonville last evening fixes his identity. The man is Legarde."

"Undoubtedly," said Nick.

"But what's his game?" Chick questioned.

"Bear in mind how he got the best of Lucille Poisson," Nick replied. "Also that the Countess de Cardillac's jewels have a wide-world reputation. The rope of pearls she wore last evening is worth a hundred thousand. Legarde is out to land her jewels. That's his scheme."

"By Jove, I guess you are right!"

"He has been trying to hypnotize her, moreover, and get her unconsciously under his control, as he did the Poisson girl. In view of her sensitive nature, and the feelings he already has inspired, I'm not so sure he would not have succeeded. We'll head that off now, and get the rascal where we want him."

"It strikes me, Nick, that this is an opportunity of which we can take splendid advantage," Chick declared. "Why not put up a job on him and catch him committing the crime?"

"Gee! that's the scheme," cried Patsy. "That would settle his hash, for fair."

"That is precisely what I have in view," said Nick. "I could think of no feasible plan while talking with the

countess, however, so I deferred confiding my suspicions and designs. I wanted time to devise a scheme too crafty for Legarde to suspect, and one precluding any possibility of failure. I'll hit upon one by to-morrow, and then—"

"Good night, Legarde!" put in Patsy gleefully.

"Good night, Legarde, is right," said Nick grimly.

All this would have been very fine, ordinarily, and most likely could have been admirably worked out by one of Nick Carter's genius and executive ability.

To-morrow sometimes brings forth, however, much too frequently, in fact, events utterly beyond mortal anticipation. It proved to do so in this case.

For the three detectives had hardly finished dressing for breakfast the following morning, when a rapidly driven touring car stopped at their door. Its solitary passenger hurried into their apartments half a minute later.

The arrival was—Monsieur Bertillon.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, in some excitement. "I find you up and dressed. That is well. I want you to go with me."

"Go with you?" questioned Nick, surprised. "Go where, Monsieur Bertillon?"

"To the Château de Cardillac. You know the Count de Cardillac by name, of course, and that his wife was an American girl. That is why, or one reason, I want you to accompany me. You will on that account feel an extraordinary interest in the case.

"The case!" echoed Nick, almost dumfounded. "What is the case?"

"Ha! Bad enough, I fear," cried Monsieur Bertillon. "The Countess de Cardillac is mysteriously missing."

CHAPTER V.

NICK DECLARES HIMSELF.

Following close upon a shrewd scheme outlined by Nick Carter that morning, by which to trick and trap Lucien Legarde, the effect of Monsieur Bertillon's startling announcement may be easily imagined.

"Great guns!" thought Chick. "We're too late!"

"Holy smoke!" flashed through Patsy's mind. "That rascal has cut in across our bow. Our scheme is dashed!"

Nick Carter stood silent for a moment, but an ugly gleam in his cold, calm eyes spoke volumes. He was thinking of what he had said to the Countess de Cardillac, of the sweeping assurance he had given her:

"I will stand between you and any harm that that man would do you."

To learn that he had failed, or that she might be in imminent peril, at least, and that her persecutor had again got the best of him—words could not describe the feelings these possibilities aroused. Nick gazed at Monsieur Bertillon for a moment, then said abruptly, with a composure so ominous that it silenced both Chick and Patsy:

"Mysteriously missing! That is open to many conjectures, Monsieur Bertillon. What do you know about her disappearance?"

"Only what Cardillac told me by telephone. We are intimate friends," Monsieur Bertillon hurriedly replied. "He was out late last night, playing cards with a party of friends. He returned home at two this morning. He found his wife up, and in negligee attire. She complained of feeling nervous, stating that she could not sleep, but he succeeded in calming her after a short time, and she

retired to her apartments. He went to his own and to bed."

"And this morning?"

"He was aroused about eight o'clock by his valet, with the alarming news that the countess was missing. Neither her maid, nor any one in the house, knows when she left or what has become of her. I told the count that I would join him as quickly as possible and begin an investigation. We must lose no time. I stopped only to pick you up on the way."

Nick gazed significantly at Chick and Patsy.

"Come!" he said shortly. "We must thwart plans, instead of executing one. Take what you may need."

Both understood him. They hurried into an adjoining room, each taking from his trunk a brace of revolvers and several changes of disguise, which they slipped into their pockets. Then all hands hastened out to the waiting touring car.

Though very little was said on the way, Nick Carter's face wore a look of grim determination, meaning much to his assistants, but which Monsieur Bertillon scarce could comprehend.

Ten minutes brought them to their destination—a magnificent stone residence in one of the most aristocratic quarters of Paris. High walls inclosed the extensive estate, and the elaborate grounds, gardens, and outbuildings. The very atmosphere was that of high birth, breeding, exclusiveness, and wealth.

A servant in livery admitted the car to a broad courtyard, while a butler hastened to receive the detectives and conduct them into the house. The massiveness of it, with its superb furnishings and costly embellishments, caused Patsy's eyes to open several degrees wider than usual.

The Count de Cardillac was waiting alone in the library, striding impatiently to and fro, his dark face ghastly pale, and as drawn and haggard as if he had risen from a bed of sickness. There was a feverish fire in his eyes, however, that betrayed the bitterness, the humiliation, the vengeful passions he held under rigid control.

"Ah, my dear Bertillon," he said gravely, while he greeted him with both hands extended. "Here is work for you, deplorable work, indeed! No, no, my good friend, not a word of sympathy. I know I have that without the saying. But there are wounds that never heal, sorrows that sympathy cannot assuage. There are wrongs, too, that only blood can repay. I beg of you, Monsieur Bertillon, only to track the couple, only to set me face to face with the man. I will do the rest. *Mon Dieu!* I will do the rest!"

Nick Carter, waiting near the hall door with Chick and Patsy, was touched by the words, voice, and aspect of this man. He now saw that the Count de Cardillac really was much more of a man than he had been led to suspect, that the jealousy mentioned by his wife was, indeed, born of a deep and all-absorbing love, which was far from being the only manly qualities of which he was possessed.

Monsieur Bertillon looked surprised.

"Track the couple!" he exclaimed. "Set you face to face with the man? What do you mean, my dear Cardillac? Not that?"

The count checked him with a gesture.

"Do not speak it," said he. "Alas! I have made other discoveries, Monsieur Bertillon, since I telephoned to you. They are enough! They tell the dismal, dishonorable story."

"You mean——"

"Can such words have more than one meaning?" Count de Cardillac hoarsely demanded. "Oh, the shame of it! The countess has left me. She has gone away with another. I have dreaded it—feared it. I now understand her nervousness, her sleeplessness, her agitation when in public, her reticence when I questioned her. She has fled with another. Ah, could I but have known the scoundrel was waiting for her last night! She had fled, taking only her jewels and——"

"Pardon me," said Nick, approaching. "I think, as we say where we came from, that it's time for me to butt in. I shall presently convince you, Count de Cardillac, that you are entirely mistaken."

Monsieur Bertillon turned quickly. Shocked by the unexpected disclosures to which he had been listening, he had neglected to introduce the detectives.

The Count de Cardillac recoiled slightly, staring in blank amazement at Nick. He had supposed him and his assistants to be merely three men from the prefecture of police.

"Mistaken!" He echoed the word half in his throat, frowning darkly, and Monsieur Bertillon hastened to explain.

"Ah! it is I who must ask pardon," he cried. "I owe both an apology. Permit me, dear Cardillac, to present my companions. Monsieur Garvan, Monsieur Chick Carter, and the famous American detective himself, Monsieur Nick Carter. He will aid me. He will assist——"

Count de Cardillac checked him. Though he bowed in courteous acknowledgment of the introductions, he drew back with a look of aversion, saying impulsively:

"Pardon me, Monsieur Bertillon, but I cannot accept the services of these American gentlemen. Have I not suffered enough from——"

"A product of America!" put in Nick, interrupting. "You feel justified in thinking so, Count de Cardillac but I will speedily disabuse you of that notion. No, no, don't frown, nor be displeased with my bluntness. It's not in my nature to beat about a bush. You will be glad to admit in a very few moments that I can do much more for you than Monsieur Bertillon, who, you observe, is deeply shocked by your disclosures. I am not, on the contrary, for I know you are in the wrong."

Monsieur Bertillon now stared amazedly.

Count de Cardillac frowned upon both.

"Is he mad?" he sternly demanded, addressing Monsieur Bertillon. "Why did you bring him here? You should know——"

"Monsieur Bertillon cannot possibly know more about your wife than I know," Nick again interrupted. "Her father, the late Senator Arkright, was my personal friend. That is one reason, Count de Cardillac, why I shall prove you wrong and set you right. Amelia Arkright never was, nor ever will be, guilty of anything dishonorable. She has not run away with any man—though a devil in the shape of a man may have run away with her."

"Good heavens!" gasped the count. "What are you saying, Monsieur Carter?"

"No more than I can prove."

"Impossible! She has fled——"

"Gone—not fled."

"She went voluntarily."

"How do you know that?"

"Because she could not have been abducted. That would

have been impossible," the count violently insisted. "She left by a side door that leads into the garden. That door was found unlocked this morning. Her jewels also are missing. Only she and I know where they were kept. Abductors could not have found them, could not have secured them. Only a lover could have led her to remove them, to flee with him and——"

"Nonsense!"

"I have positive proof."

"Impossible!"

"This scrap of paper found on the floor of her boudoir," cried the count, seizing it from a desk near by. "The writing is hers—read it. It speaks for itself. It appoints a rendezvous. I am told by one of my servants, moreover, that she secretly met a man in the Louvre yesterday afternoon. Can I doubt it? What then? The man must have been her lover. They met to discuss their design, to plan their flight. I know—I know!"

Nick had let him run on while he studied the scrap of paper. It puzzled him briefly. It was torn from the edge of a newspaper, like that stealthily given him in the Pavillon d'Armenonville two nights before. Written on it with a pencil were the following words:

"I am very anxious to see you. Please meet me tomorrow afternoon. I will be waiting for you at three o'clock in the——"

That was all—no date, no address, no signature.

Nick recognized the writing. It was that of the Countess de Cardillac. Obviously, too, it was written at the same time and place as the note she had stealthily given him.

But why had she written two? For whom was this one intended? By whom had it been received? How came it on the floor of her boudoir two days later, on the morning of her supposed elopement?

It took Nick about ten seconds to mentally ask himself these questions, and not more than thirty in which to answer them. He looked up, while retaining the scrap of paper, and said with blunt familiarity, taking up the count's last words:

"You know nothing about it, Cardillac. You are all at sea."

"All at sea!" gasped the count, staggered by what appeared to him to be monstrous audacity.

"That's what," said Nick, a bit curtly. "All at sea in a thick fog, and without a compass. Luckily, however, you have in me a reliable pilot. You are right, Cardillac, on only one point."

"One point——"

"That your wife secretly met a man in the Louvre yesterday afternoon."

"*Mon Dieu!* Is that not enough?"

"Yes, indeed! Enough to convince me of one fact."

"One——"

"Her integrity."

"Absurd! Preposterous! These assertions——"

"Are true!" Nick cut in. "There can be no question about it. For I, Count de Cardillac, was the man."

"The man——"

"Of the Louvre. The man who met your wife and to whom this note was written."

"That cannot be! You are deceiving me. You——"

"Do you say so? Have a look, then, at this one," cried Nick, quickly producing the one he had received from the countess, and thrusting both notes into the nobleman's hand.

"Examine them. Compare them," he forcibly added. "They are so nearly alike that their significance— Ah, I thought so! You detect it. You begin to see that I am not talking nonsense. You begin to feel that I may be right, and that you may be wrong. That no longer appears absurd to you. You will presently admit, even, that an American detective—"

"*Mon Dieu!*" The Count de Cardillac dropped both notes to the floor and held out his hands. "Pardon me! I did not mean to offend. Tell me—tell me what this means. I implore you, Monsieur Carter—"

"Ah!" Nick interrupted. "We now may accomplish something. I shall not be handicapped with a prejudice. Does the attitude I have taken surprise you? It is because some of your remarks have compelled it. Understand me, Count de Cardillac, I have in this affair an ax of my own to grind. No man, not excluding Monsieur Bertillon himself, will take part in this case without my sanction. I am in the service of Madame de Cardillac. I have made her a promise. I have pledged my word, the word of an American detective—and I propose to make good."

CHAPTER VI.

PICKING UP THE TRAIL.

Monsieur Bertillon was too well acquainted with Nick Carter to be surprised at the attitude he had taken, or to be offended at being included in the declarations with which Nick had taken some of the wind out of the sails of the French nobleman.

The famous criminologist laughed, and fell to rubbing his hands, therefore, saying roundly and with some diplomacy, while the Count de Cardillac stood mute, with mingled chagrin and amazement:

"There you are! You now can see, my dear Cardillac, why I brought Nick Carter here, and why he consented to come. The services of the one by far ablest man in his profession, who literally is the man of last resort, are not always obtained for the asking. Already, you see, he knows more about this affair than both of us put together. Give him a little more time, and—presto! he will know it all. I would be the last, I confess, to oppose anything he might suggest."

The Count de Cardillac had pulled himself together.

"Really, Monsieur Carter, I owe you a sincere apology," he said, with genuine feeling. "I make it with all my heart. Believe me, you find me in great distress and anxiety—"

"Both of which I now will undertake to relieve, Count de Cardillac, and finally to completely dispel," Nick quickly interposed. "No, no, not another word! You have, I assure you, said all that is necessary. I am not less inclined to be your friend than that of Madame de Cardillac. I insist only that I shall handle this affair in my own way and without interference. My word is at stake—God knows how much more! I will, therefore, brook no opposition."

"There shall be none, Monsieur Carter, I promise you."

"Sit down, then, and I will relieve your suspense. I will tell you what I know about this matter."

Nick did not, however, tell all he knew about it. He told only as much as served his own purpose. He did not even mention the name of Lucien Legarde, but referred

to him as Amelia de Cardillac's persecutor. He had reasons for suppressing the rascal's identity.

The incident at d'Armenonville, his recognition of the countess, their interview in the Louvre, her strange story, her reasons for having concealed the circumstances from her husband, her motive for appealing to the detective, his promise, and the instructions he had given her—Nick enlightened his hearers on all of these points, covering them in detail; but he went no farther than that, nor revealed any of his suspicions and designs.

When Nick had finished, the Count de Cardillac sprang up and warmly embraced him. His face was transfigured. Though still left in terrible anxiety, he no longer felt doubts and distrust, and the personal safety and speedy discovery and rescue of his wife were all that concerned him.

Monsieur Bertillon would have expressed his astonishment at what Nick already knew about the case, but the detective quickly checked him.

"No more time should be lost," he explained. "I have said enough to convince both of you, I am sure, that you will make no mistake in leaving me to handle this affair alone and in my own way. Go to your office as usual, Monsieur Bertillon, and I will at once begin an investigation. I have other reasons, also, for thinking this will be best."

Monsieur Bertillon believed that Nick had not told all that he really knew about the affair. He refrained from asking any questions, however, and readily complied with the detective's suggestion, taking his hat and departing almost immediately.

Nick then questioned the count, learned that he had seen Amelia at half past two that morning, that she had appeared exceedingly pale and nervous, but had at length retired to her sleeping room. Beyond that, nothing was known of her movements.

Nick then held a private conference with Chick and Patsy, who had been patiently waiting and listening.

"We must discover, if possible, just what occurred here," he said earnestly. "Legarde was here last night. I am inclined to think, in fact, that he was in the house when the count returned."

"At two in the morning?" questioned Chick.

"Yes. How he got in, as well as what followed, are open questions. We must find the answers."

"He may, after all, have succeeded in hypnotizing the woman," Chick suggested.

"I don't think so," Nick quickly disagreed. "He had not been able to accomplish that, Chick, up to the time I saw her yesterday afternoon. He had, nevertheless, been trying to do so for nearly a month. It is not probable, then, that he succeeded in getting control of her only a few hours after I parted from her. The assurance I gave her, moreover, would have made it even less liable."

"But why are you so sure he was here?"

"Because of the note found in her boudoir," said Nick. "It read very nearly like the one she gave me in the restaurant. It is not, however, worded so urgently."

"You think she wrote them at the same time?"

"Yes."

"But why did she write two?"

"Simply because the first did not satisfy her," Nick pointed out. "She wanted to impress me more forcibly. She discarded the first note, therefore, which did not seem sufficiently emphatic, and she probably dropped it on the

floor under the restaurant table. Legarde, you remember, sat at that table immediately after she and the count departed."

"Ah, I see!" said Chick. "You think Legarde found her discarded note."

"Undoubtedly," said Chick. "She would not, of course, have taken it home. It's safe to assume, therefore, that Legarde found it, and must have been here last night."

"Geel! there's no getting around that," said Patsy.

"Since it was found on the floor of her boudoir this morning, then, it seems highly probable that he used it to coerce her into giving up her jewels," Nick continued to reason. "Why she has also disappeared can, at present, only be conjectured."

"We must look for evidence," said Chick.

"Presently. Here is another point: Legarde saw us in the restaurant. The note told him plainly enough that the countess had made an appointment with me. Though it did not state where, he could easily have ascertained by watching her yesterday afternoon. I feel sure, therefore, that he saw me with her in the Louvre, and knows that she was appealing to me for aid and advice. He probably was in disguise."

"By Jove! that's why he turned this trick without further delay," said Chick. "He feared you might prevent the job unless he did it the same night."

"That's the very point," said Nick. "Here is still another: Knowing all this, and my relations with Monsieur Bertillon, Legarde will suspect that I may be called into the case."

"Sure thing!"

"He may, then, in order to confirm his suspicion, have a spy watching this house."

"Geel! that's right, too, chief," put in Patsy.

"At all events, Chick, we will take that chance," said Nick. "You disguise yourself. Borrow from one of the servants a blouse, overalls, and a cap. Then leave by the door ordinarily used by them, and depart as if you were one of the servants sent out on an errand."

"I see."

"Return a little later in a shift of disguise, and begin a still hunt for a spy. If you find one, run the rascal to cover, and then use your own judgment as to what steps should be taken."

"Good enough!" said Chick approvingly. "That's worth trying."

"In the meantime," Nick added, "Patsy and I will see what evidence we can find here. Instead of returning, in event of nothing doing, you can rejoin us in our flat in time for lunch."

"Enough said," Chick replied, departing. "I'll soon be out and away."

In company with the count, Nick and Patsy then visited the private apartments of the countess. They consisted of a sleeping room, a beautifully furnished boudoir, or dressing room, a bathroom, and library. They were on the second floor, in the front and west side of the vast château, overlooking a side driveway and a broad sweep of grounds and garden.

Nick first examined the hiding place in which the jewels were kept. It consisted, not of a safe, but of a sort of cupboard cut in one of the huge rocks in the massive wall of the château. It was provided with an iron door, which was concealed by the heavily carved panels forming the walls of the boudoir. An invisible door in

one of the panels could be opened only by pressing, in a certain oblique direction, one of the acorns of the oak-leaf carving, a secret known only by the count and the countess.

Nick already was convinced that no violent break had been attempted, and he next began a search for evidence denoting what had occurred there.

In none of the rooms was there any sign of a struggle. While he examined the windows, however, Nick found on the outer sill of one in the library, a window just above the roof of a porte-cochère, indications that it had been entered from without. The dust had been disturbed, and a close inspection with his lens confirmed Nick's suspicions.

"The rascal came this way," he said quietly to Patsy. "Notice the trellis and climbing vines in the corner formed by the porte-cochère, also several nearly fresh leaves on the roof."

"Geel! it's a cinch," muttered Patsy, also gazing from the window. "He climbed to the roof and forced this window."

"Plainly. Here on the sash near the lock are marks left by a thin knife blade."

"The lock is loose, too. It was child's play."

"We'll go out and see if we can follow his footprints, or those of the woman. I begin to suspect why she is missing."

"Yes?"

"I'll tell you presently."

Guided by the count, they went down to the side door that had been found unlocked that morning. Here Nick suggested that the count had better not accompany them, lest the needless addition of footprints outside might complicate matters. It was a thin excuse for leaving him behind, but he made no objection.

Nick already had observed several impressions in a flower bed near the porte-cochère, and he now went out to examine them. Plainly, they were those of a man, and they pointed in both directions, indicating that the crook had departed by the way he came.

Following them with some little difficulty, Nick next discovered, in a side street, the tire tracks left by an automobile that had been turned around. The fact that it had been turned in such a place led him to try to trace them, and he soon discovered that the car had stopped near a small back gate in the rear wall of the estate.

"By Jove! this points the way," he remarked to Patsy. "Legarde had confederates. They were here with a car, though they first waited in the side street. Legarde evidently had some reason for afterward sending them to this gate."

"After he came out of the house," said Patsy, quick to see the point.

"Exactly. He came out alone, as I have suspected, and then— Wait! We'll have a look inside."

Nick opened the gate and entered the rear garden. A narrow gravel walk led toward the house, some fifty yards away. Something glistening in the sunlight near one side of it caught the detective's eye. He made a closer inspection, and found—a small quantity of glass, ground almost to powder. Obviously, nevertheless, it was all that remained of a hypodermic syringe.

"Ah, this does settle it," Nick exclaimed, turning to Patsy. "It's not at all difficult now to reconstruct the

crime. I have suspected it from the moment I read that note."

"What do you make of it, chief?"

"Legarde knew the count was absent last evening, and about what time he would return. He also knows of the count's jealous nature, and that he has recently suspected his wife because of having seen Legarde watching her, as he thought, and because of her late nervousness and reticence."

"That was natural enough," said Patsy.

"And Legarde took advantage of it, and of the note he had found."

"How so?"

"He succeeded in entering her apartment, where he aroused her without alarming the house. He showed her the note, in her own handwriting, appointing a rendezvous, but not naming the place. He threatened to remain there until the count returned, then let himself be discovered and assert that he was her lover. In view of all the circumstances, the count could not have doubted it."

"By gad, chief, I guess that's about the size of it!"

"The countess, horrified, consented to buy his silence with her jewels. The count returned while the two were in her boudoir. That's why he found her so ghastly pale and nervous. She had promised to bring the jewels out here to Legarde, he probably having slipped out to avoid possible discovery. She did so a little later. Not content with getting the jewels, however, and knowing the countess would join him here, he planned with his confederates to abduct her. He drugged her with a concoction of some kind, and accidentally dropped the syringe, which he ground under his heel. They now are holding her with a view to craftily securing a ransom."

"That's right, chief, as sure as death and taxes," Patsy declared. "But how are we to prove it?"

"By finding the woman and cornering the rascals," said Nick. "Since Douchet, his lawyer, was in league with Legarde in that other case, it's a safe bet that they are confederates in this one, along with that clerk, Renaud."

"Sure thing!"

"You get after Douchet, therefore, and see what you can learn. In the meantime, I will tackle Legarde and—well, I think I'll take him into camp. We'll step outside again for a few minutes and see what Chick has to say."

They search outside, however, proved unavailing.

Chick Carter had disappeared.

CHAPTER VII.

CRAFTY LEGARDE.

Nick Carter did not mince matters, after finding that Chick had disappeared, undoubtedly on the trail of the suspected spy, and after he had started Patsy on the track of Monsieur Douchet.

He remained at the Château de Cardillac only to give the count such information and instructions as seemed necessary, and then, wearing no disguise, but still with a look of ugly determination on his set face, he went directly to Legarde's business apartments in the Boulevard Montmartre, where he first had encountered the accomplished and elusive rascal.

Several possibilities now impelled the detective. He felt sure that Legarde, though he might anticipate suspicion, would not believe that any tangible evidence against

him had been found, and that he would conduct himself in his customary defiant and audacious manner.

"He will surely think his efforts to hypnotize Amelia are not suspected," Nick reasoned. "He has been very careful not to betray them, other than by their incomplete effects upon her feelings, which he will suppose have only mystified her. Nor will he think that I, though she described them to me, can have hit upon the truth."

"He will suppose, too, that I know nothing about the first note written by Amelia, which, assuming that he found it, connects him definitely with the robbery and her abduction. It may have been dropped by accident in her boudoir, for Legarde surely would not knowingly have left it there."

He will reason, too, that a bold front is his safest attitude, and that any unusual move on his part would be the worst he could make. I shall have no difficulty in finding him, therefore, and undoubtedly shall find him ready with a colossal bluff.

"I'll call the bluff, all right, and risk rounding up all the others and finding Amelia. I'll put Legarde, at the very outset, where he can have no further finger in the pie, and I'll make sure that no double, triple, nor a whole litter of likenesses, can succeed in liberating him. I'll teach him, even more effectually than I taught the Count de Cardillac, what it means to go up against an American detective."

Such was Nick's grim train of thought, in part, while on his way to the apartments in which Legarde had for some months been posing as an astrologer, seer, and palmist.

The visit proved futile. Legarde was absent. The door was closed and locked, while a small card hung with a red silk cord on the knob stated that he would return the following day.

Nick looked even more grim when he departed. He went directly to Legarde's rented house in the Avenue Henri-Martin, where he met with success. A manservant stated that Legarde was at home.

"I'll step in and see him," said Nick, instead of taking any chance by sending in his card.

"Pardon me, monsieur—" the servant began to protest.

Then a voice interrupted him—the voice of Legarde himself.

"Ha! that is all right, Pierre," he cried, from some unseen quarter. "He is an acquaintance—admit him! I know his familiar voice. I am in my den—right this way, my dear— Ha! come in!"

Nick had walked into a deep hall, and arrived at the threshold of the door.

"*Pardieu!* I was right—my ears do not deceive me. Come in, my dear Monsieur Carter, and be seated. You give me one grand surprise, one magnificent pleasure. Sit down and—how do you Americans say it, eh?—hit a cigarette? No, no, I am wrong—it is hit a pipe! *Pardieu!* I know it was hit something."

Nick felt, in fact, very much inclined to hit the speaker, and hit him good and hard.

For Legarde had received him with an audacity surpassing the detective's anticipation, an effrontery that smacked so strongly of insolence and defiance, that Nick had no little difficulty in restraining his pugilistic inclination.

Legarde was seated in a little room about ten feet

square, back of a larger library. It contained a desk and two chairs, on one of which he was seated, pen in hand, with a great pile of manuscript on the desk in front of him. He was in his shirt sleeves. He had a cigarette between his lips. His hair was in disorder, as if he had been running his fingers through it in search of ideas. The room was filled with smoke.

The only other chair, to which he waved the detective, stood on a square rug quite near the desk. It had to be quite near it, in fact, in a room of that size. The only door was that leading in from the hall. The single window looked into a small side yard.

Nick sat down and silently eyed the scamp.

Legarde laughed gleefully.

"Ha!" he cried, at length. "What is wrong? Have you lost your tongue, my dear Carter? Can you not speak? *Pardieu!* I must not have allowed my servant to admit a dummy. You have the lockjaw, eh? I will call a physician. He will pry them apart and find out if you have swallowed your tongue. Say the word, my dear Carter, and I—"

"That glib tongue of yours, Monsieur Legarde, is not giving me a chance to say anything," Nick interrupted, with icy dryness.

"Hey—pardon!" cried Legarde, still laughing. "I was mistaken. I yield the floor. You will not smoke, eh?"

"No smoke for mine," said Nick. "This room already is like a smokehouse."

"True," Legarde nodded, with eyes dancing. "But I smoke in no other part of the house. This is my den. Here I do what I like. Here I accomplish great things. Behold! you find me at work on one." He clapped his palm on the pile of manuscript. "My work on astrology. My views on—ha! but what do you care about that! Nothing—of course!"

"Nothing is right," said Nick.

He had been sitting with eyes and ears alert to detect any sound of treachery, the presence of an eavesdropper, or signs of duplicity of any kind. There appeared to be none, however, and he was ready to get down to business. "*Pardieu!* you are frank," cried Legarde, with a laugh. "Frankness—that is what I admire. How beautiful it is, eh? Sincerity and frankness—how I dote on them! You are frankness and sincerity itself, my dear Carter, and that is why I like you. One always knows where to find you."

"The last, at least, is correct," said Nick coldly. "You have, as we say in America, Legarde, a good deal of crust. Now, having let out a little of your hot air, suppose we become serious."

"Serious, eh?" Legarde drew up a little and shrugged his shoulders. "Hey! for what? What occasion? I detect the serious side of life—death, sickness, marriage, and all that rot. Let us be bright and lively, rather, and— Ah! I was so sorry to disappoint you a few days ago."

"Humph!"

"I refer to that unfortunate alibi—unfortunate for you, my dear Carter," grinned Legarde. "I have feared I offended you. It seemed unkind to slip through your fingers, after having let you to so much trouble. But you are generous, magnanimous. You now call here to see me, and I know you are not offended—not even displeased. I admire such a man. How could one help it?"

"You were, perhaps, expecting I would call," said Nick,

with brows knitting closer while he steadfastly eyed the taunting rascal.

"No, not at all, I assure you," said Legarde, quickly shaking his head. "Your visit was not expected."

"Nor was one you made last night," said Nick, with grim austerity.

"Eh?" Legarde bristled up a little. "Last night?"

"You have forgotten?"

"Entirely."

"At two in the morning."

"Two—*pardieu!* I was in bed."

"On the contrary, Legarde, when the proper time comes, I shall prove that you were very much out of bed," Nick said, even more sternly. "What have you done with her?"

"With her?" Legarde echoed, frowning quickly. "With whom? I am no mind reader. You must be more explicit."

"Explicit goes, then," said Nick. "With the Countess de Cardillac."

"The Countess de Cardillac?"

"Yes."

"Ha! I have not even the honor of her acquaintance," cried Legarde. "Call on her? At two in the morning? Absurd! Preposterous!"

"That is an hour which crooks very frequently select for an undesired visit," Nick replied, with ominous quietude.

"Crooks—"

"That was the word," Nick cut in. "There will be nothing for you, Legarde, in denying it."

"Denying what?"

"To begin with, your vain attempt to hypnotize her."

"Ah!"

"Your knowledge of my rendezvous with her in the Louvre."

"Oh!"

"Your stealthy entrance into the Château de Cardillac last night by the way of the trellis, the porte-cochère, and the window of Madame de Cardillac's boudoir."

"Ha!"

"Your interview with the countess in her boudoir."

"Hey!"

"Her subsequent abduction by you and your confederates."

"Ho!"

"The means by which you coerced her into yielding her jewels and taking them to you in the garden."

"Aha!"

"The note written by her and found by you under the table she vacated, and which you immediately occupied in the Pavilion d'Armenoville."

"Oh, ho!"

"And which," Nick pointedly added, "you inadvertently left on the floor of madame's boudoir."

"*Pardieu!*"

Nick needed only to view the changing countenance of the rascal, who had sat mockingly interrupting his stern accusations, to convince him that he had deduced the true facts and circumstances.

For Legarde's grin had vanished. His natural paleness gradually became almost a chalky white. His eyes were dilated, their pupils gleaming like points of fire. He added without a change of tone, however:

"Do you make all those charges? And do you think, Monsieur Carter, that I shall not deny them?"

"It will avail you nothing, Legarde, if you do."

"Nevertheless," Legarde drew forward in his chair, "I deny them one and all, Monsieur Carter. I know nothing about the Countess de Cardillac. I tell you—"

"It will be useless for you to tell me anything," Nick sternly interrupted. "You must tell it to another."

"Another—"

"The prefect of police."

"Ha! You do not mean—"

"That you are under arrest—yes!" snapped Nick, whipping out a pair of handcuffs.

"Wait! I protest—"

Legarde thrust out one hand appealingly.

"We'll do no waiting until after I have fitted you with bracelets," Nick harshly interrupted, starting to rise.

"But, Monsieur Carter—that will never be!"

Legarde's outstretched hand fell forcibly on the edge of his desk.

The blow was not a signal. It alone did the work—and did it instantly.

A six-foot section of the floor, the rug that covered it, the chair occupied by the detective, the detective himself—all shot downward as if suddenly dropped from a balloon.

Nick tried to catch himself.

He snatched at the edge of the floor.

Both efforts proved vain. As well have tried to stop short in empty space, or to reach up and touch the moon.

As quick as a flash, Nick dropped about nine feet, landing heavily in a huge metal tank. The chair broke his fall, but itself was broken with a terrible crash. A tangle of rug enveloped both.

The swinging sections of the trapdoor flew back into place. They locked automatically, with a resounding snap.

Above it rose the shrill, mocking voice of Legarde, in accents of fierce command:

"Now, Pierre, the gas—the gas! Arrest me, eh? *Par-dieu!* we shall see. The gas, Pierre—the gas!"

Nick scrambled to his feet and reached upward. His hands touched a metal cover that had slid into place.

He was shrouded in inky darkness.

He could feel the cold walls of the metal tank.

Through a score of invisible cracks and crevices came a continuous hissing sound, as when one blows through a tube.

A noxious odor assailed his nostrils. The fumes leaped to his brain. It began to reel. He caught up the rug and tried to prevent the influx of overpowering gas. His muscles were going lax. His knees gave way under him. He sank down in a crimped heap in the black darkness. He felt as if whirling through space, faster, and faster, and faster—until all was lost in the gloom of utter oblivion.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHICK CARTER'S DOINGS.

It was ten o'clock when Chick Carter returned to the vicinity of the Château de Cardillac, divested of his borrowed blouse and overalls, but still wearing a servant's cap. He was not long in finding the suspected spy—a slender, decently clad fellow, who apparently was hanging idly around the corners in that locality. His frequent

glances in the direction of the count's residence, however, soon convinced Chick of his mission there.

Chick continued to stealthily watch him until nearly noon, when the spy abruptly departed—with Chick cautiously following.

That was about half an hour before the departure of Nick and Patsy.

Chick followed his quarry to a lawyer's office in a building in the Rue Cambon, and read the name on the door—Felix Douchet.

"Legarde's lawyer," he said to himself. "The circle narrows. But who is the spy? Not the lawyer's clerk, Paul Renaud, for he is much too slender. H'm! I must contrive to get a look into that office."

Chick could see nothing through the keyhole, nor hear the slightest sound from within, and he rightly inferred that there must be an adjoining room. He entered an opposite building, from a window in a second-floor corridor of which he found that he could accomplish his object.

He discovered Douchet and Renaud in a front room, talking earnestly with the spy, whose name he afterward learned was Deverge. He watched them for nearly an hour, when Deverge hurriedly departed.

Chick's first impulse was to continue to shadow him, but a move by Renaud deterred him, and then led him to shape another course.

Renaud, bending over a desk, removed his disguise, and tossed it into a drawer. He then took out a revolver and thrust it into his hip pocket. When he straightened up, Chick saw his undisguised face distinctly.

It was almost a counterpart of that of—Lucien Legarde.

"The crook's double," flashed through Chick's mind.

"By Jove, it would take only a few touches to enable him to pass for Legarde. Nick was right, and this rascal now is off on some important mission. He's the scamp for me now to shadow."

Chick had reasoned with customary acumen and foresight.

Ten minutes later, Renaud departed, leaving Douchet alone in the room.

Chick shadowed him to a restaurant, where he spent nearly an hour at lunch. He then went to a drug store, where he entered a telephone booth and talked with some one for several minutes. Constantly watching him, persistently on his track, Chick ran him to cover at five o'clock that afternoon.

The pursuit had taken him out of the city and into a narrow woodland road diverging from the road to Versailles. The gathering of dusk had made the espionage less difficult. Concealed by the shrubbery fringing the road, on which there were only a few scattered dwellings, Chick quickly sized up that which Renaud had entered.

It was a square, two-story house, with a mansard roof. It was well back from the road, isolated from others, and with high hedges half hiding it and the branches of several large trees overhanging it, like the protecting arms of gigantic sentinels. The loneliness of the locality was alone enough to increase Chick's suspicions.

"By Jove, there's to be something doing out here," he said to himself. "It would be a very proper place in which to imprison the victim of an abduction. I reckon I'll make a detour and see, before it grows too dark, what the back of the house has to offer."

It took him about ten minutes to pick his way through

the woods and reach a point that served his purpose. Lamps then had been lighted in the lower rooms. Chick could see the figure of a brawny woman in the kitchen, and three men eating at a table in an adjoining room—Renau, Deverge, and an older man with a grizzled beard.

"Having supper," Chick murmured tersely. "Three to one, not counting the woman, eh? She's built like an Amazon, and might put up the fight of one. I reckon—h'm! she's going somewhere with a lamp. Upstairs, by Jove!"

Chick had caught the glimmer of light on one of the second-story windows. Glancing higher, he suddenly discovered a window—with three slats running across it, evidently nailed to the casing within. It was one of two windows in the slope of the mansard roof.

"By thunder! I have hit the nail on the head," he muttered. "There's a prisoner in that upper room, or the window wouldn't be barred. The Amazon is taking up supper to— By Jove, I'll make dead sure of this!"

Darting to the trunk of a huge tree under which he had been crouching, he worked himself up until he could grasp the lowest branch, then scrambled higher until he was on the level with the barred window.

It then was quite dark out of doors.

The woman with a lamp had entered the upper room, and objects within were plainly visible to the watching detective.

Chick saw a single chair, a small table, and on it the tray of food brought by the woman. She was standing near it. On the edge of a bed near the wall, surveying with bitter resentment and contempt the waiting woman—sat the Countess de Cardillac.

"Eureka!" thought Chick. "The trick is as good as turned. Here's where a bunch of crooks get it in the neck, for fair. I'll wait until—"

But Chick did not have to wait. With a gesture of bitter aversion, the countess was waving the woman from the room, from which the latter took the lamp when she withdrew, closing the door and leaving the tray of food on the table.

"Now, by Jove, it's that window for mine!" thought Chick.

He at once began working his way out on the overhanging branch. The farther he went, the lower it sagged. He glanced down and saw that the light had passed below the second story.

"That's good enough for me," he muttered. "There's no danger of being heard, so here goes again."

He wriggled nearer and nearer the end of the branch. It sagged lower and lower. Presently the end touched the upper part of the roof. The lower part, with the eaves and gutter, was directly under him.

"Five feet," he murmured, pausing briefly. "I reckon I can do it. I've got to take the chance, anyway."

He was about to let himself down—but a face appeared between the slats. It looked white, awed, and terrified for a moment, and then the light of a sudden great hope fell upon it. The Countess de Cardillac saw Chick in the faint starlight—and recognized him.

Chick quickly raised his hand, warning her to be silent.

She nodded understandingly, then pointed to her window, signifying that it was nailed down.

Chick also nodded, then pointed to the window of the next room.

"That for mine now," he thought grimly. "Great guns! if only Nick and Patsy were here."

Chick did not shrink, however, from attempting the rescue single-handed, in spite of the odds against him.

Firmly grasping the sagging branch, he let himself down until his feet touched the projecting eaves. Fixing them firmly, he leaned toward the rise of the roof, then let go of the branch.

It flew upward.

Chick pitched forward, a bit alarmed for an instant, and then his hand closed on the casing of the window. It was a feat which only one with a lion's heart and nerves of steel would have ventured to attempt.

Breathing more easily, Chick tried the window and found that it had no lock. He opened it noiselessly, crept into the room, then into an adjoining entry. There he listened briefly, and then ventured to use his searchlamp.

He located the stairway, then turned to the near door. It was secured only with a heavy bar, placed in sockets. Chick removed the bar and quietly laid it on the floor.

Then, softly opening the door, he cast the light on the face of the waiting countess. It wore an expression that Chick loved to remember.

She came to him quietly, but eagerly, and put both arms around his neck.

"Thank God!" she whispered fervently. "Thank God—you are safe!"

Chick felt his cheeks burning. He looked at her oddly and said:

"I! Have you no thought of yourself?"

"Not before thinking of you! Only heroes do what you have just done."

Chick laughed softly, and said:

"You are some heroine yourself, I guess, if the truth were told. But we have no time for compliments, nor explanations."

"Can we escape? Is it possible?" whispered the countess, clinging to his arm.

"Possible!" muttered Chick expressively. "It's a cinch!"

"Thank Heaven!"

"We must contrive to slip out undetected, however, or you'll witness an ugly gun fight. Besides, a stray bullet might wing you. I'll take no chance of that."

"I do not fear. I will risk anything to escape from this dreadful house."

"We'll escape, countess, all right," Chick assured her. "Wait here on the threshold while I reconnoiter. Not a sound, mind you."

"Trust me."

"I'll return quickly."

Chick crept to the head of the stairs, listened intently for a moment, then turned and whispered:

"Come!"

The Countess de Cardillac joined him.

"We'll steal down to the next floor," he whispered. "The rascals are at supper. We can, I think, steal down the front stairs and out of the house. If— Oh, by thunder! That word is as big as ever."

The last was occasioned by sudden alarming sounds from below—the opening of a door, the heavy tread of many feet, quick cries from the direction of the kitchen, and then the shrill, commanding voice of a man whose identity could not be mistaken.

"Legarde himself!" Chick muttered. "He has arrived with more of his gang. The odds have increased, but—"

"We are lost!" groaned the countess.

"Lost be hanged!"

Chick felt her trembling. He slipped one arm around her, then shifted a revolver to his side pocket.

CHAPTER IX.

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

The lines of work laid out by Nick Carter converged almost simultaneously at a focal point, as very frequently was the case, and the climax that followed was almost invariably swift and sensational.

Starting in pursuit of Douchet, as Nick had directed, Patsy Garvan arrived at the office of the crook lawyer only a very few minutes after Chick's departure in pursuit of Renaud.

Patsy knew nothing about that, however, and was content to have located Douchet himself.

The latter did not leave his office until nearly three o'clock, and he departed in a cab.

Patsy was prepared for that, even. He had foreseen that he might have a long chase, one that could not be easily done on foot, or in a cab, and he had left in a near store a deposit for a secondhand bicycle, with which he was waiting when Douchet appeared in the street.

Pursuit then was comparatively easy. He followed Douchet to several places, at each of which the lawyer stopped for only a few minutes, and Douchet at about half past four brought up at the house of Legarde. He dismissed the cab, for an electric runabout was standing at the curbing.

From a side entrance to the house, a covered wagon then was departing. Two men were on the seat, and a third, evidently giving them some hurried instructions, was standing on the sidewalk.

The man on the sidewalk was Legarde.

Patsy, though some distance away, instantly recognized him.

"By thunder!" he muttered. "That is Legarde's house. Something has gone wrong with the chief, as sure as I'm a foot high. It's dollars to fried rings that the rascals have got the best of him temporarily, and are lugging him away in that wagon."

The wagon then was being rapidly driven up the street. Legarde was talking earnestly with Douchet, and pointing to the runabout. This gave Patsy his cue.

"By Jove! they are going to follow in the car," he said to himself. "That's good enough for me. If I can't keep up with that buzz wagon I'll eat my hat."

The two men had entered the house, remaining there about twenty minutes, when both came out, wearing overcoats and caps, and entered the runabout, switching on the lights.

They were away in a moment—with Patsy following at a discreet distance.

The pursuit was not a long one, and, as may be inferred, it ended at the house in the suburbs, just as the wagon arrived there—and just as Chick Carter was attempting to escape with the Countess de Cardillac.

Patsy hid his wheel at one side of the road, then ventured through a hedge and into the grounds. The occupants of the runabout and the wagon then were in the house. Stealing nearer, till he could look through one of the windows, Patsy confirmed his suspicion.

In a chair in one corner sat Nick Carter, gagged and

bound, with his hands behind him and a look of grim contempt on his strong, clean-cut face. He felt very sure that at least one string of his bow would shoot an arrow to the mark.

In the room, also, were the four men whom Patsy had followed, and the three Chick had seen. The woman, afterward learned to be Renaud's aunt, was bringing in a bottle and some glasses.

"Gee! Seven to one," thought Patsy. "But I've got a dozen bullets in both guns."

"Hiat!"

Patsy looked up quickly.

Chick Carter was gazing down from an open window on the second floor. He had stolen down that far with the countess.

"Gee whiz!" whispered Patsy, coming close to the house.

"How came you here?"

Chick leaned out and quietly informed him of what he had accomplished.

Patsy, in turn, stated the situation below.

"There's only one move to make," said Chick.

"What's that?"

"We've got to get this gang——"

"Sure!"

"But I'll not leave the countess alone up here. You go to the front door, and have both guns ready."

"You bet!"

"I'll have the countess utter several piercing screams. They will draw the entire gang to the stairs. They'll think the devil's to pay up here. When all are on the stairs, I will hold them up and yell to you. You enter then and prevent their retreat. We'll pen them in on the stairs, and shall have them between two fires."

"That's the stuff," Patsy declared. "I'm with you."

"Go ahead, then. I'll have the countess scream in half a minute."

Patsy stole quickly to the front door, drawing both of his revolvers.

He had waited scarce ten seconds, when the piercing screams began—and shouts of alarm and excitement from the startled gang.

A moment later came a yell, Chick's familiar voice, and Patsy threw open the door and bounded into the hall.

The ruse had worked admirably. All seven men had rushed impetuously to the stairs. They were halfway up, when Chick leaped into view, confronting them with leveled weapons.

"Stop there and throw up your hands!" he shouted, after yelling to Patsy. "I'll kill the first man who reaches for a gun!"

"And if he don't—I will!" shrieked Patsy, at the foot of the stairs. "I've got a line on every man of you! You stand quiet, woman, or you'll go down and out for a starter. Hands up, you devils!"

The woman was cowering near the wall, as if turned to stone.

The gang on the stairs saw, despite their numbers, that they were hopelessly cornered. Not a man was inclined to risk his life on a desperate chance. To a man, they threw up their hands, while Legarde seated himself on one of the stairs and said, as coolly as if asking the hour:

"Well, well, this is most surprising. *Pardieu!* I did not dream that strangers were here. We must treat them courteously, comrades, and yield to their wishes. Our turn will come later."

What followed may be briefly told.

The gang was lined up against the stairway wall, with their hands in the air, and while Chick kept them covered, Patsy released Nick, who then was none the worse for his experience in Legarde's house. Within ten minutes the entire gang was secured, either with ropes or handcuffs, and nine o'clock that evening found them securely lodged in the city prison. That Legarde would remain there this time, and that all would in time receive legal punishment, no sane man would have doubted.

The Countess de Cardillac was restored to her husband long before nine, Patsy taking her home in the run-about. Her story confirmed to the letter the deductions of Nick Carter, already set forth, and no review is necessary. Her jewels were found in Legarde's house, and restored to her the following day. The gratitude of both, their generous reward for the services rendered, the count's admiration, thereafter, of American detectives—well, the last at least may be easily imagined.

THE END.

The final battle of wits, nerve, and muscle between the great American detective and the French criminal, Lucien Legarde—for, through no fault of his own or his assistants, Legarde's ability to execute his daring and unique crimes has not been suppressed in the grim Paris prison—is fought in the world's metropolis, London. Read about it in "For Life and Honor; or, Nick Carter's Chivalry," which will be found in the next issue of this weekly, No. 75, out February 14th.

Kit Keen, the Crook Catcher;

Or, THE KING OF THE KIDNAPERS.

By ALDEN F. BRADSHAW.

CHAPTER I.

THE BOY RESCUER.

"Help! help! help!"

The cry rang through the still night air like the notes of a bugle.

It came from the lips of a young girl, for the electric light fell upon her face as she broke away from the grasp of two well-dressed men who had just lifted her from a covered buggy which had drawn up alongside of the curb before a block of brick houses all strangely alike.

Save for the one electric light the street was dark, deserted, with no one near, apparently, to hear that cry for help.

After that appeal had come three times from frightened lips it was smothered by a rude hand being thrust over the mouth, while the men hastened with their half-fainting burden toward the cellar entrance to the house nearest to them.

But the cry had not been in vain.

One person back in the shadow and passing along the street had heard it.

He had heeded it, too, not counting the odds against him.

That person was a young man. The electric light revealed that much.

He carried a satchel in his hand and he acted with a promptness that showed that he had his wits about him, his nerves in perfect control.

The satchel swished through the air and was brought down with telling force upon the head of the nearest man. He had lost his hat; the satchel was heavy and fell hard on a defenseless head.

Down fell the man, and he was out of the game.

But the second man released the girl to grapple with the plucky fighter.

And the man had a pistol in his hand.

The young man grasped the weapon, the two grappled, swung to and fro, and fell.

In the fall the youngster was on top, there was a smothered report of a pistol, a cry of pain and horror, and the man lay motionless.

The young man sprang to his feet and faced the girl.

She had picked up his satchel, and now, as voices were heard, windows were thrown up and the call of a policeman was heard in the distance, she cried piteously:

"Oh, do not leave me here to be found out. Quick!

Take me away, I beg of you!"

There stood the horse and buggy, for the animal had not moved at the shot.

Her rescuer hesitated only a second.

Then he said:

"Quick! get in, miss."

She sprang into the buggy, he after her, and seizing the reins he sent the horse flying along, leaving all pursuit behind.

By rapid driving, and turning from street to street, as though he knew the city perfectly, they eluded any pursuers that might be on the track and continued on for a quarter of an hour.

"Where do you wish to go, miss?"

I live on Michigan Avenue above Fortieth Street, but do not drive near the house, please," and her companion noticed that the girl was trembling from fright.

"I shall desert this rig, miss, for I do not wish to be caught with it."

"No, no, and not for the world would I wish to be found out, for I would have to appear in court and I believe it would kill me. You will not tell on me, will you?"

"Not knowing whom to tell on, I guess not, miss; but why were you with those men?"

"They kidnaped me from my father's house, for my parents are away to-night, and I suppose they wished to get ransom money; but you saved me, and you seem to be but a boy."

"Only about sixteen."

"Yet you attacked those two horrible men. Did you kill them both?"

"One was killed; the other only knocked silly, I guess."

"And if you let them know who you are they will hang you for murder, won't they?"

"I guess not," was the decided reply, and the youngster drew up alongside of the pavement, helped the girl out, hitched the horse, and, taking the satchel, said:

"The police will find the horse and take care of him, so now I will see you home, miss."

"Thank you; but must you know who I am?"

"I will not tell, and I'd better know."

"I'd rather not tell, though I believe I could trust you."

"Just as you please, miss. I'll go with you as near your house as you care to have me."

"Yes, and you'll tell me your name, and when I can—can—"

"What, miss?"

"Write you a letter of thanks, as my father will also do."

"It is not necessary, miss, for you have thanked me enough; but I will leave you here."

"At least tell me your name."

"It is Kit Keen, miss."

"I won't forget it, or you. My name is Florence," and she held out her hand and was gone.

Her rescuer turned in the opposite direction, but only for a few paces, then crossed the street and shadowed her to her house.

It was a handsome mansion, setting well back in the large yard surrounding it.

He looked at the number of the cross street, then went across and caught the elevated road down to the heart of the city and made his way to the secret-service headquarters.

The hour was late, but the chief of Chicago's detective corps was still in his office, and, sending his name in, he gained immediate admittance to the great head of the secret service.

CHAPTER II.

THE BOY SLEUTH.

The handsome, stern-faced detective chief had been detained in his office until a late hour from important information brought in to him by his tireless sleuths, and had just started half a dozen men out upon a "mysterious case," when the orderly brought in the name of Kit Keen.

"Good! the young man I wished most to see. Show him in, Jenks," said the chief.

As the door opened he called out:

"Mighty glad to see you, my boy, for I was beginning to fear that you had given me the slip."

"Oh, no, sir, for I told you I would come back as soon as I settled my sister comfortably."

"Sit down and tell me how you found your sister and all you care to tell me about your affairs."

"I will have to tell you some other time, chief, for just now I'm in another scrape."

"By Jove, but you do get into trouble in this town, Kit."

"It seems so, sir, for Chicago seems to hoodoo me every time."

"When did you get here?"

"Not two hours ago, sir, on the Western express."

"And you have already gotten into trouble?"

"I got my foot into it deep, sir."

"What is it this time?"

"A killing."

"Ah! that is bad, indeed."

"It was a case of couldn't help it, sir."

"I doubted you once, Kit Keen, and you turned out square and honest in all you said and did, so I have perfect faith in you now; in fact, I was wishing only to-day that you were here to run down a case that has thrown off all of my men, for, you know, you promised to come back and be my youngest detective," and the chief gazed with admiration into the handsome face of the youth.

It was a strong face, one wonderfully expressive, full

of downright pluck and bulldog determination, and ready to do and dare, young as he was.

He was built well, with a wiry form, broad shoulders, and every indication of being very strong and quick as lightning.

Well dressed, wearing a slouch hat, he looked like a fellow who could turn his hand to anything.

In response to the chief's remark, he said:

"Well, sir, I did come back to go on with you; and I've begun 'way up by getting a case of my own."

"How was it, Kit, for I fear it is something serious?"

"It was for the other fellows, for one has gone under and the other got it in the neck to remind him he was in bad company."

"How did it happen?"

"I was on my way from Polk Street depot, sir, hunting lodgings for the night, when I heard a woman's voice crying for help."

"It was a bad neighborhood, especially for a woman to be in, as you know, sir; but I saw a horse and buggy alongside of the curb, and two men and a girl, as I found out later she was, and they were dragging her toward the cellar steps of the house they were in front of."

"I swung my satchel down upon the head of one man and he took to the ground for a nap, for my revolvers were in that little grip and they are no lightweights."

"Then the other fellow and I got mixed up, and I found he was too heavy for me, so I tripped him and down we went, and there the mischief was done, for he had a revolver in his hand which I had hold of and in the tumble it went off and he got the bullet sure, and it did the work."

"Then the girl shouted to me to take her away only too quick, and you bet I did it, for there was the horse and buggy, and I didn't wish to be caught in another killing scrape in this town, so I turned every corner I came to for the next ten minutes."

"Well?"

"I took the girl near to her home and left her, hitched the horse, and—"

"Who is she?"

"She said her name was Florence."

"Nothing else?"

"She would not tell me her other name, sir, for she seemed terribly worked up over being called to court, and made me leave her some distance from her home."

"And you shadowed her?"

"Yes, sir, of course, but if she can be kept out of this scrape I hope you will do so, sir, for she is a lady, and she was kidnapped by those two men to be held for big money."

"I guess so; but do you know that I have just sent off half a dozen men on this case?"

"You have, sir?"

"Yes, for it was reported to me, and the man you killed—"

"He shot himself, sir, in the struggle, while both of us had hold of the revolver."

"All right; but all we could learn from the frightened people who heard the row, for few in that neighborhood care to appear, fearing to be recognized as bad ones themselves, was that there was trouble between two men and a woman, a third man—that was you, Kit—came to the rescue, a fight followed, all went down, one was shot and

the buggy drove off with the woman and one man, while the other man staggered to his feet and ran off."

"He escaped, then. And who was the dead man?"

"He was a tough of the worst kind, well known to the police."

"And he is saying nothing as to his pal?"

"Being dead, he is not, and in killing him you did—"

"I didn't kill him, chief."

"Ah, yes, so you said before; but through you the city has lost one of its worst citizens."

"But I have told you alone, sir, of what I know about the affair."

"So much the better, for you have come back to be a member of my detective force."

"Yes, sir."

"And I want you to take this case."

"Yes, sir."

"Then, my young sleuth, the secret is between us and you can go to work on this case to-morrow."

"Thank you, sir. I'll go back to my old quarters to-morrow and begin work."

"And where is that monster Dane dog of yours; Satan, you called him?"

"I left him for the night in the baggage room at the depot, sir, but if I'd had him along that other fellow would have been chewed up."

"I'd gamble on that, after remembering what I saw in your little home, when he furnished the corpse for a funeral when that burglar entered it to rob you. Your dog is well named, Kit, for he is a devil; but come to-morrow afternoon and I'll enlist you, and Satan, too, in my detective corps, for I have another case also for you to handle."

And Kit Keen, a youth of mystery, a youth with a history, left the detective headquarters happy at having been enrolled as a young sleuth.

CHAPTER III.

ON THE TRACK.

Kit Keen went to a downtown hotel for the balance of the night, but was up early and at the depot to get his dog, Satan, which the detective chief seemed to be in awe of.

Satan was quietly awaiting the coming of his master and was not being crowded by any of the baggage smashers.

For once they were very gentle in moving trunks when near the dog, so as not to disturb him, as he lay just where Kit had told him to await his return when he arrived the night before.

Satan was a great Dane of huge size, with an intelligent face, but with a very decidedly "don't-monkey-with-me" look about him.

"Say, young feller, what's the name of yer dog?" said a baggage smasher, as Kit came up.

"Satan."

"He looks it; but will you sell him?"

"Yes."

"Fer how much?"

"Ten thousand dollars might buy him, then again it mightn't."

"Does yer take me for Mister Rockyfeller?"

"No, I guess you don't trot in the same class."

"No, Rockyfeller's got more boodle than I has, but I has got less worry countin' my money."

"I guess you have, and more peace of mind, too. Come, Satan."

"How big is that dog, weight, height, and length?" called out another baggage man who put on the air of a man who knows all about dogs.

"He weighs one hundred and fifty-five pounds, is six feet three inches from tip to tip, and is just thirty-two inches high."

"I'll bet he hain't."

"Measure him then."

"Not on yer life."

"Get on the scales, Satan."

The dog did so and his weight was a trifle over what Kit had said.

"Now hold out his tail while I measure him."

"Young feller, does yer take me fer a fool?"

"I thought you were curious to know about my dog."

"I am, but I isn't curious enough to take chances to find out."

Kit laughed and measured the dog with a tape measure handed to him.

The measurements were exact.

"If I'd waited half an hour he would have weighed three pounds more," said Kit.

"I can't see it."

"I am going to give him his breakfast, and it will be three pounds of beef."

"Don't get funny, young feller, 'cause I spansks sassy kids."

"Did you hear what he said, Satan?"

The dog's answer was a bark that sent the baggage smashers chasing themselves out of the room.

Kit laughed and went on his way, Satan close at his heels.

Going to a restaurant, Kit ate a good breakfast and fed Satan so generously that had the railroad men seen what he disposed of they would have decided that three pounds was far from the limit.

Buying a morning paper, Kit took the Illinois Central out to Hyde Park, Satan winning combined awe and admiration from all who saw the noble brute. Leaving the train at Fiftieth Street, the boy and dog set off at a brisk walk along the lake shore.

Coming to a small, one-story cottage in a large yard, and with a tall flathouse a hundred yards away the nearest neighbor, Kit said, as he went in:

"Here we are at our little house again, Satan, after having been gone over six weeks."

The dog gave a low whine as though he was glad to get back, and, opening the front door with a double pass-key, Kit passed in, Satan at his heels.

There were but four rooms in the house, three on one side of the hall, a fourth back of it, and they were not uncomfortably furnished, the one in front as a living room, the next a bedchamber, and the rear one a combination kitchen and dining room, the fourth being closed up.

Upon the walls of each room were unframed paintings and charcoal and pencil sketches.

The dog halted in the rear room and was looking fixedly at a large red stain on the floor.

"You have n't forgotten what made that stain, Satan, have you?"

"Well, we must try and clean it away, though I have heard that human blood will never wash out of wood

"No one has been here since we left, Satan, and I guess if anybody had broken in the ghost of the burglar you killed here would have scared him away; but now I am going to leave you in charge again, for I've got work to do, being as I am a detective now, as you are also, for the detective chief said so—yes, you are to be Satan, the Dog Detective.

"I'll tell you all about it when I come back, and I'll bring plenty to eat, too," and, patting the dog's head, Kit Keen locked the door and walked rapidly back to the railroad station.

On his ride downtown he read what the papers had to say of the "murder" the night before, and the escape of those who were with the man who had been left dead on the pavement.

Getting out of the train at the station nearest the scene of his midnight adventure, Kit walked to the spot, to find there a curious crowd gazing morbidly at the place of the rescue and tragedy and expressing their views of the very mysterious affair.

The young sleuth picked up every word and opinion as he mingled with the crowd, learned that the house toward which he had seen the two men carrying the girl was the home of a poor widow and her son, the latter being the one who had been, as was said, murdered almost at his own door.

"I've learned something, at least, from them, though they know nothing about it," muttered the young ferret, as he wended his way to the detective headquarters.

CHAPTER IV.

KIT SHOWS HIS HAND.

It was just noon when Kit Keen entered the private room of the detective chief, who greeted him with:

"Hello, my young sleuth, the superintendent of police has just been here to talk over that killing last night."

"Did you tell him anything, sir?"

"No, for I let him do the talking, and kept what you know back, at least for the present."

"What does he think, sir?"

"He does not know just how to place it, for he thinks the woman in the case got one man to kill the other, and they drove off together in the buggy, which the police found where you left it."

"Yes, sir."

"It was hired by the fellow you killed—mean who shot himself in your struggle with him, for the livery-stable man came down and identified the body, who was the good-for-nothing son of the poor woman before whose house the affair happened."

"Anything else, sir?"

"Yes, the coroner's jury reported it a killing by a party, or parties unknown, for no one seems to be just sure that a fourth person—yourself—had a hand in the scuffle, and the dead man is now in his mother's house, while she bewails his end and praises him in the highest terms."

"Yes, sir, though others say he was a very bad man and abused his mother."

"That he was, for my men have so reported to me."

"And what else do they report, sir?"

"Very little, for the whole thing is regarded as a most mysterious affair."

"Where are Detectives Lampton and Pierson, sir?"

"Both away on an out-of-town case."

"And Detective William Danvers and Dave Keepe, sir?"

"They are here, and splendid men."

"Yes, sir, and I may have to call on them for help in this case, for I've got an idea of my own that I wish to run down."

"You can have them, Kit; but no one regards the girl in the case as the young lady who was kidnaped, but take the idea that Saul Bent, the dead man, was killed by the one who escaped."

"Yes, sir, but I know different and I'm going to show you my hand and ask your advice."

"You'll get it, Kit, for all it is worth; but wait till I write you down on my books—you and your pard."

"What pard, sir?"

"Satan."

"Oh, yes, and I told him he was right in it with me," and Kit enjoyed the chief's joke in placing his highly prized dumb companion on the rolls of the secret-service corps.

The names were duly written down, Kit signing for both himself and Satan—"in the absence of the latter"—he said, and the names were written in a well-formed style.

"Now, Kit," said the chief, when the two were once more alone together, "I wish to say right now that though you are young in years, your eventful life has given you much experience, and I have every confidence in your courage, ability, and nerve to make a splendid ferret."

"In your own case, a few months since, when you came to me and boldly told me your story of how a man dying with consumption had committed suicide in such a way as to have you suspected of murdering him, because he had wronged you and yours, and said that you could prove your innocence, you did so in spite of everything pointing to your guilt, while his servant, who aided him in the plot, is now in prison, and his, the servant's ally in crime, your dog Satan killed when he broke into your little home."

"Under such trying circumstances you showed yourself a born sleuth, and, now that you come to me, I feel that I am making no mistake in putting you at once on duty as the youngest detective of the force."

"And more, my young friend, you come to me again with a case of your own, for, no sooner do you arrive in Chicago, than you have one cut and dried for you—rescue a young girl, get away with one villain, and hold the key to the situation which neither my ferrets or the police can unlock."

"Now, young man, state your case, or, as you put it just now, show your hand."

Kit Keen had listened attentively to what the chief said to him, not a muscle of his hard-to-read countenance changing.

But when told by the chief to "show his hand" he said, in his very matter-of-fact way:

"First, sir, that girl is a lady, her father is rich, and she says she was kidnaped, and I believe her."

"Yes."

"The man, Saul Bent, who was killed in the struggle with me, was a crook of the worst kind, and his mother knows it, for the girl was being taken to her house to be kept in hiding."

"You are doubtless right."

"The other man, on whose head I dropped the weight of

my grip, and who escaped, was not of the Saul Bent kind, wicked though he might be."

"Granted."

"The girl kept her full name from me, was afraid to go to court—her cry was that she did not want to be found out—and I believe, though I may be wrong, that she knows just who her kidnaper was."

"Ah! I believe you have struck it, Kit! Now, what more?"

"I shall manage to see both Mrs. Bent and that girl, sir, for I wish to get upon the trail of the man who escaped, for then we will corral the outfit."

"You are on the right track, so go in and win," said the chief earnestly.

CHAPTER V.

KIT KEEN IN DISGUISE.

Having laid his ropes to suit himself, Kit Keen set to work in his own energetic way.

He was most anxious to have his plans come out right, as any discovery that other ferrets or the police might make to implicate him in the matter, he knew would cause him to be regarded as the slayer of the man, Saul Bent, and this he had no intention of allowing if he could prevent it.

Kit did not wish to bring the girl, Florence, into the mix-up if he could avoid it; but he must not, to protect her, allow the ringleader of the kidnapers to escape.

His duty was to find the man who escaped, and unearth the plot.

So Kit returned first to his little home.

Satan welcomed him at the door, and set his tail to wagging briskly as he saw that his young master carried a large basket well filled with bundles.

The boy's first work was to clean house, and he worked hard to scour out the bloodstain upon the kitchen floor, but in vain.

He soon had all in order, cooked supper for himself and Satan, and then the two went out for a walk, Kit to get all the papers and see just what they had to report on the Saul Bent killing case.

Kit retired early, after reading the various accounts, and, to his surprise, though Satan had his rug in the kitchen and had always slept there, he insisted upon lying down close by his master's cot.

"Hello, Satan, what's the matter with you? I really believe you are afraid you'll see the ghost of that burglar you chewed up. You are a nice dog, you are, to get scared the first night you are a detective—why, what ails you?" and Kit was surprised to hear Satan give voice to a long, loud, dismal howl.

"Shut that death music up or you'll scare me," cried Kit.

But the dog moved about nervously and went into the kitchen.

Kit at once arose and followed him, and Satan bounded toward the outer door with a fierce growl.

Instantly moving feet were heard, and looking out of the window Kit saw two men run rapidly by a distant street lamp.

"You know your business, Satan, for it was live men you knew were about, not the burglar's ghost."

"Somebody wanted to see us, so we must watch sharp in the future; but I guess they have gone for to-night."

So saying, Kit returned to his cot and Satan took his place upon the rug in the kitchen.

There was no more disturbance that night, and by eight o'clock the next morning the boy had had his breakfast and was gone.

He had made a careful toilet, but not of his usual kind, for he was the very picture of a street urchin, ragged, soiled face, with a wig of red hair, and with a complete change from the Kit Keen the chief had seen the day before.

He strolled along, a shoe-blackening outfit swung over his shoulder, but took the cable car down Cottage Grove Avenue until he reached Fortieth Street, where he jumped off and made his way to the handsome home of the girl he had rescued from the kidnapers.

It was Kit's purpose, since he suspected that the girl knew who her kidnaper was, to learn what he could about her.

Strolling by the house he spied a gardener in the yard. Here was a chance, if he could strike up an acquaintance with the gardener.

The gardener was working close to the fence now, and Kit, approaching him, exclaimed lightly:

"Dose 'are peachy flowers youse 'raisin' in dere, ain't dey?"

The gardener looked up and rested his arms on his rake. He didn't know whether to be amused or provoked at the young bootblack's remark.

Something about Kit's appearance must have struck him favorably, because his next remark was:

"I suppose you're an expert in botany, eh?"

"Naw, I don't monkey wid no greenhouse posies, but I knows a well-kept garden when I sees it."

The man seemed pleased with the compliment and amused at the boy, and approached the fence where Kit stood.

He rather welcomed a little relief from the monotony of his work, and something about the boy led him to want to talk to him.

Kit saw this and proceeded to flatter the old fellow and praise his garden up to the sky.

"Oh, these ain't nothing," the gardener was saying, after one of Kit's outbursts, "ye ought to see the bed of chrysanthemums I'm a-raisin' over yonder, by the summerhouse!"

"Let me see 'em, will-ye? I'll bet de're out o' sight."

The next minute he was over the fence and the old gardener was leading him toward the summerhouse.

They had scarcely reached it when a young lady came out of the house with a large basket on her arm and a pair of shears in her hand.

She was coming down to the garden to clip some flowers. She started on seeing a young bootblack with the gardener.

As yet the gardener did not see her, but Kit did, and he decided instantly that she was the one he had rescued two nights before.

Presently the gardener saw the young lady, only to notice her beckoning to him.

Leaving the bootblack he went to her.

What he said to her must have been about Kit, for he soon returned and remarked:

"Miss Florence wants to talk to you, young feller."

"What's up?" exclaimed Kit. "Is she mashed on me? Hully gee! Mebbe I ain't in it!"

"You go over to her and she'll tell you what she wants."

"But tell me the name of the ledly so I kin interdooce myself."

"Miss Florence."

"What are her sassiety handle, fer I doesn't git familiar on a short acquaint."

"Miss Florence Crandall."

"I doesn't remember to hev met her in sassiety; but she kin tell me," and Kit made his way to where the young lady stood.

There was no mistaking her—she was the young girl he had rescued.

She was young, scarcely nineteen, and had a very attractive face.

Clearly she was a petted child of fortune.

Her face was pale, there were dark rings under her eyes, and she wore an anxious expression, that Kit did not fail to see.

He took off his old slouch hat, bowed awkwardly, and said:

"The flower guy yonder said as how yer wanted me, miss."

"Yes, I wish to send an important note, and do not care to give it to the servants here. Will you take it if I pay you well, and let no one see you do so?"

"Will a mouse eat cheese, miss? You bet yer sweet face I'll do it, an' mum's the word."

"Very well, when you leave here wait on the corner two blocks above for me, and I will bring it to you."

"I'll be rooted to the spot, miss, until you gits there," and Kit hastened back to the gardener, told him Miss Crandall had an errand for him, and passed out of the garden.

"I guess I've made a ten-strike," the boy sleuth muttered, as he walked away from the millionaire's home.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CHINESE JUSTICE.

During an "antiforeign-devil" riot at some place between Tong-Tu and Kaiping, China, the mob destroyed a good length of the railway that had recently been carried through the district. The local mandarin, instead of using the forces under him to quell the riot, sent soldiers to assist in the evil work. The embankments were leveled for some distance, and the rails thrown into the river, and an attempt was made to destroy the bridges.

Mr. Kinder, the head engineer of the line, laid the state of the case before the toatoi of Tientsin, who is the head director of the undertaking. The toatoi sent for the mandarin.

"To please yourself and friends," said he, "you have destroyed the railway track. To please me you will put it back just as it was before. If, in one month from to-day, the trains are not running as before, you lose your head, and your family and ancestors are disgraced. Mr. Kinder estimates the damage and loss by nonrunning of trains at fifty thousand taels, which sum you will have to pay out of your own funds to the company."

"For labor, all your officials, soldiers, and townfolk will work as you direct, receiving no money for their labor, and all salaries are stopped till the repairs are complete. I shall appoint a board of punishment to return with you,

with power to torture and imprison any one who makes the least disturbance or trouble."

The mandarin begged for mercy, on the plea that, as the country was all under water, he could not possibly get mud and stone wherewith to build the embankments. The toatoi saw the force of this plea, and said he would give him a chance.

He could pull down any of his forts that he liked in order to provide material for the repair of the railway, and he would give him three months after the railway was completed to rebuild his forts at his—the mandarin's—own expense.

In less than three weeks the trains were running again, and the mandarin and his agents are now rebuilding the forts.

THE DETECTIVE'S STORY.

By MARO O. ROLFE.

I am a detective, and, of course, my business has naturally taken me to nearly all parts of the Union during the past twenty years, and I have ridden over most of the important railroads in the eastern, western, and southern States, in the performance of the duties devolving upon me in my hazardous, laborious, and brain-wearying profession.

It is about ten years now since I undertook a case that was, in some respects, one of the most remarkable and peculiar in my experience. There are few things which have occurred under my own personal notice, and in the regular course of my business, that would figure to better advantage in a story than the case I have alluded to, and I will tell you of it if you care to give me your attention.

In New York there lived a man named Roderick Risston, a compositor, who earned good wages, which, however, were only sufficient to support him and his family, consisting of his wife and a daughter, in a comfortable manner. There was, living in a secluded street, a maiden aunt of Risston's, who took such a marked fancy to Clara, the compositor's daughter, that she declared her intention of making her her heiress—for she was supposed to be quite wealthy—and before I am done talking you will agree that she was as eccentric as she was rich.

Her possessions comprised a few fine farms in western Iowa, and a considerable sum of money in a bank in St. Louis, besides her unpretentious residence and a large tenement house in Baxter Street, the rental of which afforded her ample means of subsistence without drawing on her accumulating property in the West, which, with each passing year, was growing into a by no means insignificant fortune.

Allied as she was to Roderick Risston by the ties of blood, she never went to his house more than twice in her life, for her existence was more like that of a recluse than anything else.

On the first of these two occasions she saw his little daughter, and was so much pleased with her that she requested her parents to permit the child to visit her often.

Two years later Margaret Risston went again, and for the last time, to the house of the compositor. At that time she made known her intention of making Clara her heiress.

Among other strange ideas of hers was a mortal dread of the courts and of lawyers, whom she regarded as no better than a gang of well-dressed, blandly spoken, and respectable thieves.

She said she should make no will. But from her finger she slipped a gold ring, with a massive, homely shaped setting of ruby, and from her well-worn leather purse she produced a dollar gold piece, somewhat worn, and stamped in the center with a peculiar monogram composed of the letters M. and R., the initials of her name. Touching a concealed spring in the ring, she revealed a secret receptacle beneath the large and glowing ruby, and, depositing the gold dollar within it, she gave it to Roderick Rissston, saying as she did so:

"There! That will be as good as an order for my entire property, and it will be honored upon its presentation to the persons I am about to name. When your daughter is of age, she is to proceed, alone, to the banking house of Carson, Cramley & Ridgeway, St. Louis, and, in the presence of two members of the firm, take this ring from the third finger of her left hand, open the secret place under the ruby, and give the marked dollar to one of the gentlemen in her presence, accompanying the act with the distinct enunciation of my name twice repeated. If these instructions are faithfully obeyed, she will at once be put in possession of her inheritance. Keep this matter secret, if possible, and warn her not to tell any one in whose company she may be thrown on the cars of her destination and the object of her journey. Don't try to dissuade me from this plan. I have made it, and I am going to have it carried out to the letter. No courts and no sharks for me, if you please!"

And, with this emphatic declaration, Margaret Rissston went away; and within a year she died, and was buried, as she had herself directed, "without show and without extravagance."

The years sped by, and before her parents had ceased to call her their "little girl," Clara Rissston was one and twenty, and I am sure as pretty a young lady as ever looked sideways at a university student, or gazed in admiration through the show window of a millinery store; and one day she took a westward-bound train, en route for St. Louis. She was going to receive her inheritance from the hands of Carson, Cramley & Ridgeway, the bankers whom her great aunt had designated.

She remembered the repeated cautions of her parents against her forming the acquaintance of any strangers on the cars, and it is probable that her watchful timidity would have been remarked by a professional pickpocket had there been one on board the train. When a spruce young man, in gaudy plaids and high hat, entered the car and began to cast about, after the manner of his class, in search of a good seat encumbered by some pretty girl, whose appearance told him she was traveling alone, and who would undoubtedly prove an agreeable companion, Clara spread her shawl out on the cushion at her side, and read earnestly and abstractedly, apparently, until he had passed on and deposited his valise and umbrella on a seat at the rear of the car, and, in a disgusted way, flung his well-dressed form beside them. An old lady who carried a carpet-sack and led a small dog, was given to understand that the empty half of the seat was occupied. A long-haired man, with a guitar under his arm, was also barred out; but when a tall, clerical appearing old gentleman, with gold-rimmed spectacles, a gold-headed cane,

and a Bible whose leaves were gilt-edged, begged in a solemn tone to be allowed to sit beside her for a little while, what could she do but give a reluctant consent? Had not her early training inculcated a wholesome respect for the "cloth?"

The old gentleman told her he was the pastor of one of the leading churches in Buffalo, and he talked in a manner so fatherly, and at the same time so entertainingly, that she regarded him as one of the few clergymen who remember at times that they are not in the pulpit, and she continued to think of him as a very pleasant traveling companion, and to wish he was going farther, till half an hour after she parted from him in Buffalo, she discovered that her ring was gone!

She was in a dilemma, and she did just what most girls would have done under like circumstances—she cried.

But when she realized that she had lost, not simply a gold ring with a large ruby in it, but the token which would have put her in possession of her inheritance, and without which she could never hope to make her claim to it good, she stopped crying, and began to wonder seriously what she ought to do.

A policeman was near, and the thing that seemed to her to be the most natural and proper was to tell him of her loss, and bespeak his aid in her trouble.

He smiled as she described the sanctimonious-looking man who had sat in the seat with her for more than two hours previous to the arrival of the train at Buffalo.

"Only to think!" she groaned. "And a preacher, too!" "Pooh!" muttered the official. Then, in a kindly way, he said: "You're mistaken, young lady. He's no preacher, but one of the most enterprising and successful pickpockets between New York and Chicago. If you will wait I will see what can be done. Perhaps I can overhaul him."

And away went the man with a star, leaving Clara to wait, and to wonder, and to cry a little, and sigh a great deal.

He returned after a while, and he did not need to tell her that he had been unsuccessful; she had been prepared to hear him say so, and she felt no worse after he had done so.

Now she could only go home and tell her father and mother that she had not heeded their admonitions, and that their fond dreams of wealth for her had been only dreams, after all, and she wondered vaguely if they would ever forgive her. The policeman volunteered to see her off. He ascertained for her that she could leave for New York on the Eastern express in twenty minutes.

When she sought her purse, it was gone.

So she disposed of her "through ticket" to a speculator, who cheated her out of ten dollars, because she was not used to traveling, but paid her enough to secure her passage to New York.

Not long afterward the case was put into my hands. I proceeded to Buffalo, and soon found the man I was looking after. He was defiant. He admitted having robbed the girl, but declared that if I made any racket about the matter, he would never tell what disposal he had made of the ring. I could see that he had gotten rid of it as soon as possible, and without having discovered the secret receptacle under the ruby setting. I was forced to let him go free upon his assurance that he had sold the ring to a well-known jeweler in the city. The ring was what I was after—not the rogue who had stolen it.

The jeweler remembered that he had purchased such a ring of a man, some weeks previously; he did not have it in his establishment then, and he thought he must have sold it to some one. And my most searching inquiries failed to elicit any further information.

Other pressing matters demanded my attention, and the case was abandoned for a time—and, though I was constantly on the lookout for some straw that might show the direction of the ill wind that had shut Clara Risston out from her rightful inheritance, it was more than a year before I found one; and then it was through one of those strange accidents of providence that occur only too rarely in the experience of any of us.

I was engaged in an attempt to discover the hiding place of the perpetrator of a bold and remarkable crime that had helped to sell the daily papers for a week and been forgotten by all except a few interested persons. It was a case of murder; but murders are such common affairs now that, one is only remembered until another is committed. Information had been received at headquarters that the person who had committed the crime was in a small town on the coast of Florida, and undoubtedly ready to cross over to Cuba whenever he should scent danger in his native land.

So I was dispatched to look after him. One day I was half reclining in my seat in a railway carriage, so far gone into dreamland that I was only conscious that I was moving slowly over one of those execrable Southern railroads, and likely to arrive somewhere, some time, if I did not die of old age first.

Presently a young lady entered the car at a way station, and occupied the seat in front of mine. She was good looking, genteel, and tastefully dressed. But before I took note of these things I glanced at her hands to see if she was wearing Clara Risston's ruby ring. This had become a habit with me; and when I saw that the young lady wore kid gloves, and that there was a bunch on one of the fingers of her left hand, showing quite plainly, and indicating that she wore a ring with a heavy and not very elegantly formed setting, I wondered vaguely if it was the one that had eluded my search so long, and then, with the thought that all ladies wore rings, and that there was no good reason why this one should not have the privilege accorded to the rest of her sex; I composed myself to sleep.

Suddenly I was aroused by the sound of a loud crash, immediately followed by a shrill cry of pain in a female voice, and which I knew issued from the lips of the young woman in front of me.

The hot atmosphere of the densely crowded car had become so oppressive that the lady had sought to raise the window. It seemed immovable at first, but she had tried again and again, until her efforts were crowned with success. But the spring was broken, and the heavy frame fell with crushing force on the fingers of her left hand.

"Pardon me," I said, when I realized the situation. "I rode all last night. You have met with an accident. Are you much hurt?"

"My hand is bruised," she replied, and her pale face showed how great was the pain she suffered.

She drew off her glove, and as she did so something fell from it, jingling down on the floor at her feet. It was Margaret Risston's ruby ring. I knew it the moment I saw it. I picked it up in two pieces. It had been

broken by the falling window, and its deep, cruel imprint was plainly visible on its wearer's finger.

An old lady at the other side of the car volunteered to bind up the girl's hand in her handkerchief.

While this was being done, I was staring at the broken ring in an amazed sort of way.

"Found!" I whispered, almost below my breath. "Found, after months of patient waiting! I cannot be mistaken. It is the ruby ring of Clara Risston." If there was any doubt in my mind of this being the ring of which I was in search, it was removed a minute later, when I found the hidden spring, and, opening the secret receptacle, saw the marked gold piece lying snugly in its place. "But how came it in the possession of this young lady? This is a secret I have yet to discover."

Thanking the kind-hearted old woman for her goodness, the young lady turned toward me. The expression of her face showed that she still felt no little pain.

"You look pale," said I. "Do you feel better?"

"Much better now; but—I have lost my ring!"

"Here it is," I answered; "but it is broken."

And, holding the golden trinket in my hand, I told her its story.

"Now," I said, when I had acquainted her with all the facts connected with Margaret Risston's singular bequest.

"I know you came by this ring honestly, for I traced it out of the hands of the thief long since; and, to convince you that I am not attempting to deceive you with an ingenious romance, I will show you something about this broken ring that you have never yet discovered." And I opened the little depository under the glowing ruby and disclosed the marked dollar. "Did you ever see it before?" I inquired.

"No," she answered wonderingly, "I never did. My father purchased the ring in Buffalo more than a year since, and gave it to me as a birthday present."

Well, Clara Risston received her inheritance—and that ends my story.

WORLD'S HIGH ELEVATIONS.

Since the discovery of Mount McKinley, in Alaska, North America has ranked third among the continents in the matter of height of mountains. Asia has Mount Everest, of the Himalayas, 29,002 feet above sea level, and South America has Mount Aconcagua, of the Andean system, 23,080 feet in height. North America comes next with Mount McKinley, 20,300 feet, and Africa is fourth with Kibo peak 19,320 feet in height. Mont Blanc, Europe's highest mountain, is 15,782 feet, which is higher by more than a thousand feet than any mountain in the United States, exclusive of Alaska.

POCAHONTAS.

Pocahontas was married to John Rolfe, an Englishman of good family and education, in April, 1613, by a clergyman named Whittaker, at Jamestown. She and her husband went to England in 1616, and when they and their son were about to return to Virginia, she was seized with smallpox at Gravesend, and died there in June, 1617. Her remains were placed in the parish churchyard in that place. Her son, Thomas Rolfe, afterward became a distinguished man in Virginia, and his descendants are found among the most honorable citizens of that commonwealth.

THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS.

Greatest Telescope Ordered by Canada.

The largest telescope in the world, the contract for which has been awarded by the Canadian government, is being built by a Cleveland firm. It will take more than a year to construct the new instrument, which will probably be mounted in Ottawa. Some idea of the size may be gained from the fact that an automobile could be driven through the tube.

The Lick telescope, finished in 1887, the object glass of which is thirty-six inches in diameter, and the Yerkes telescope, finished in 1893, the object glass of which is forty inches in diameter—each in its turn the largest in the world—were both designed and constructed by the Cleveland company.

These instruments are refracting telescopes, while the instrument being made for the Canadian government is to be a reflector, and will have a speculum or reflecting mirror seventy two inches in diameter.

The total contract price is approximately \$100,000, and it will take months to finish the mounting and to grind and polish the glass.

Ten Hens, Two Thousand Eggs in a Year.

"Keep only well-bred hens and treat them as hens like to be treated, and the high cost of eggs will never trouble you." This advice is offered by C. H. Rogers, who arrived at Kansas City, Mo., recently, from Mountain Grove, Mo., bringing ten hens that have just completed the laying of 2,000 eggs in twelve months.

The hens came from the poultry experiment station of the University of Missouri at Mountain Grove. They will be exhibited at the annual show of the Missouri State Poultry Association.

Dies on His Brother's Back.

For two years Oliver Heuer, thirteen years old, and known by neighbors as "the little father," carried his invalid brother Frank, ten years old, on his back ten blocks to and from school. The other day Oliver's task ended, for the little cripple died on his brother's back. Death from heart disease came while he was being carried home from school.

Militiamen to See "Movies."

With motion pictures showing the fine points of modern warfare, Major Thomas J. Dickson, chaplain with the Sixth Field Artillery, will conduct for the war department a campaign of education among the National Guard forces of the country. The pictures were taken at Fort Riley, and at the rifle range at Camp Perry, Ohio. The use of cavalry in modern warfare, the firing line of infantry, the handling of field guns by the artillery, and the entraining of troops and their equipment are included in what experts have pronounced the best military pictures produced.

Clerk Halts Runaway Train.

The presence of mind and prompt action of W. C. Sale, a railway mail clerk averted a serious wreck on the Norfolk & Western Railroad, near Bluefield, W. Va. The boiler of the engine pulling a passenger train exploded

while the train was speeding down the mountainside. Fireman O. Verdi and Engineer F. Linkous were hurled from the cab. Verdi was killed. The train was running away when Sale discovered the engineer and fireman were missing. He pulled the emergency cord and stopped the train.

Navy Is Biggest Since 1864.

For the first time since the Civil War the enlisted strength of the navy has passed the 50,000 mark. The total number of enlisted men is 50,136. The gain since July 1 in the enlisted complement was 2,068.

Officials said the navy soon would be recruited up to its maximum, 51,500.

Wheat Acreage Sets Record.

F. D. Coburn, secretary of the State board of agriculture, in a report says the fall-sown wheat in Kansas aggregates 8,580,000 acres, the largest acreage in the State's history. He places the condition of this wheat at 97 per cent, the biggest since 1900.

"The season has been excellent for sowing, germination, and growth," Secretary Coburn said. "The wheat condition at this time is six points higher than in 1912, ten points higher than in 1911, and twenty-one points higher than in 1910."

Mar Comes to Life and Kicks Undertaker.

Twice pronounced dead, Charles Hughes, of Chester, Pa., is still alive.

Recently a nurse and members of his family watched as he apparently breathed his last. An undertaker noticed a slight twitching in the man's arm and restored him to consciousness.

A few days later a physician pronounced Hughes dead. The undertaker, bending over the supposed dead man, received a kick in the stomach.

Bears Take Risks for Honey.

Residents of the country living in the lower valley, near Hood River, Ore., are surprised at the numerous wild animals that are killed there. A week never passes at this time of the year that some rancher does not get a bear.

These are the boldest of all the big-game animals that have been driven into the foothills by the orchardists. Recently a big bear was killed in the Central Vale district. Traps have been set for the animals, but the hunters have caught their own dogs, while bruin went free, marauding on their honey.

Many of the orchardists now have bees, and the bears are attracted from the hills to secure the sweets, for which they will run almost any risk.

Taft's Son Heads Class.

Not to be outdone by his father, Robert Alfonso Taft, son of former President Taft, stood at the head of his class that took the Ohio State bar examinations with a percentage of 90.7. His grade was two points higher than that of the candidate who stood second on the list. Young Taft registered two years ago for the examination after

finishing a collegiate course at Yale and graduating from Harvard Law School.

Years ago, when former President Taft was admitted to the Ohio bar, he won the highest honors of his class, and Robert worked diligently to duplicate the feat. He succeeded and received a congratulatory message from his father. Robert Taft lives in Cincinnati.

Rides Two Miles on Back of Wounded Deer.

How Daniel Cashman, a resident of New York, rode two miles on the back of an infuriated buck deer during the open season, is told by a party of sportsmen who are spending a month in the wooded section near Pleasant Bay, Mass. A Wisconsin hunter recently rode some distance on a deer, but Cashman's adventure was more exciting.

Cashman teaches a Sunday-school class, so it is taken for granted that his story was above reproach. It was agreed that nothing should be said about the incident until Cashman had returned home. The crowd had started out at sunrise one morning, had traveled for nearly four hours and covered nearly a dozen miles of wooded land.

All the members of the party had become discouraged. They were in favor of returning to their camp, when Cashman heard a noise in the dry leaves and brush about fifty feet distant. Within a moment all saw the head of a deer projecting from some oak boughs.

Cashman was the "crack shot" of the bunch, so it was decided beforehand that if a deer was sighted he was to shoot first.

Cashman took good aim and fired both barrels of his shotgun. The shells were loaded with big buckshot. The deer, instead of falling, as was expected made a dash toward Cashman. All the others made for shelter, and, dropping their weapons, climbed trees. As the big animal, half crazed with its wound, came toward Cashman he stood his ground. Seizing the buck by the horns, he carefully leaped astride the animal's back.

Through brush and thickets the pair tore, the frightened hunter holding to the antlers of the animal.

After riding nearly two miles, a farmer saw Cashman's predicament and shot the animal in the breast. Cashman was not hurt, but his clothing was torn to threads.

Long Dry Spell Not Broken.

Webster Groves, a suburban town west of St. Louis, which never has had a saloon since its incorporation, voted to remain dry. The vote was 999 to 227. For seventeen years saloons have been kept out by the prohibitory license—\$5,000 a year. Recently rumors were circulated that a saloon man, backed by St. Louis brewers, would pay the required license and open a saloon in Webster Grove. A local-option campaign then was organized.

Movie Hero in Aeroplane Saved from Sea.

Instead of rescuing a girl from drowning after a leap from an aeroplane as he was scheduled to do in a motion-picture play, Rodman Law was himself saved recently by the "girl" and is now in the Smith Infirmary on Staten Island.

The Ryno Film Company is preparing for exhibition "The Dare-devil Rescue," in which the hero saves the heroine by leaping from his flying machine into the raging water where she is struggling. One day recently the thing was tried, but the aeroplane in which were Law and

Walter Edwards collapsed and Edwards was seriously injured. The next day another attempt was made at Midland Beach, N. Y. Law used William Thaw's hydro-aeroplane.

When Law leaped at the critical time he turned a somersault and struck the water on the back of his neck. Fred Bennett was the struggling "girl" waiting to be rescued. "She" immediately struck out for Law and kept him above water till help came. At the hospital it was found that Law had severely strained a tendon of his neck.

Hen Thieves Donate an Auto.

Charles Stevens, a farmer living near Abilene, Kan., acquired a motor car easier than most persons. He heard a noise in his barnyard one night recently. He got out of bed and found a motor car standing in front of the house.

Soon he saw men coming from his chicken coops. As they neared the car he commanded them to halt. They ran, dropping big sacks filled with chickens. The owner of the car has not reported and Stevens is driving it today.

Learo "Pauper" Has Hoard of \$8,000.

It was discovered that Frank Reed, alias Gottlieb Rueth, who has spent much time at the Springside Home for Paupers, maintained by the city of New Haven, is worth more than \$8,000. With short ceremony he was committed to a Connecticut asylum, where he can pay board. Officials of a local bank informed the authorities that Reed was concealing his condition.

Giraffe's Strange Accident.

Pete, a giraffe belonging to a circus, is nursing a twisted neck and a bumped head. And Pete has only his curiosity to blame.

The giraffe was being taken in a special car to the winter quarters of the circus, at Benton, Ark. The car was on a sidetrack at Dupo, Ill., and Pete, hearing an engine approaching on the adjoining track, poked his head from the car, just in time to get it struck by the engine. It was at first thought that the giraffe had been killed, but it soon recovered consciousness and was carried to a hospital by a crowd of men, after its legs had been tied. Pete's escorts had all they could do to transport the squirming animal and the entire town came out to witness the strange sight. It was stated at the hospital that the giraffe would recover from his injuries.

Boy of 7, Hero, Receives Prize.

Although Andrew Carnegie never heard of it, seven-year-old Thomas McQuillan, of New York, is a hero just the same, and to prove it he will let you look at his nice new watch. The timepiece, a handsome affair of silver, was presented to him in school by Judge Jacob Brenner.

Brenner had offered it as a prize to the pupil of the school performing the most worthy act during the year. Little Tommy won it by dragging a girl playmate out of the path of an automobile and saving her life.

White Wife Asks Share of Indian's Fortune.

Beeley Derrisaw, a young full-blood Creek Indian, has won a fortune in the Federal court. Beeley is in school at Carlisle, and the decision of the court gives him title to 160 acres of oil land, one-half of all the oil royalties

from 320 acres of land, amounting to about \$30,000, one-half of all future royalties, and \$12,000 in cash.

The suit arose over a half section that Beeley claimed to have inherited.

Just prior to the discovery of oil on his allotment Beeley Derrisaw married a white woman at Eufala. Mrs. Derrisaw has asked to have a part of Beeley's money set aside for her use and support.

She says she married him in good faith after a long acquaintance, and that she does not propose to live in poverty while her husband has wealth accumulating so fast he does not know what to do with it.

Mayor Climbs 175-foot Stack.

Mayor Zimmerman, of Richmond, Ind., climbed to the top of the 175-foot stack at the city's lighting and power plant. The brick stack was completed the other day, and it was the duty of the board of work to inspect the work.

"It looks all right from here, but how do we know?" asked the mayor. He proposed to climb to the top. The others demurred. The mayor entered the stack at the base and in nine minutes by the watch reached the top, climbing on the iron handrails within. It took him seven minutes to descend.

Ten Words in Autobiography.

Senator Lane, of Oregon, apparently believes "that brevity is the soul of wit."

When he turned in the copy of his autobiography to be printed in the new congressional dictionary he established a new record for using the fewest possible words. He wrote:

"Harry Lane, Democrat, of Oregon. Term expires March 3, 1919."

Bees Drive Mule to Tree.

Henry Coleman, of Sheepside, N. J., looking for his pet mule, Exile, found the animal perched in the top of a tree.

"Now, how," said Farmer Coleman, "did that pesky mule shinny 'way up there?"

He was scratching his head when something hit him in the cheek. It was a bee. When other bees got busy Coleman ran for help. A glance told him that most of the bees were stinging Exile. With the aid of farm hands, Coleman pushed a top wagon under the tree. Exile was induced to drop, and thus was rescued.

"Nothing could have made that critter climb a tree," said one of the hands. "He must have been hunting honey. When the bees got after him he jumped off the top of that bluff close by and landed in the treetop. But it sure was a staggerer for a minute, wasn't it?"

Finds Her Long-lost Brother.

"Can you tell me, please, where Mr. Frederick Greensdale lives?" said a young woman with an English accent to a man she met by chance at Jamesburg, N. J.

"I am Frederick Greensdale," he said, much surprised.

"You are Frederick Greensdale?" said the young lady. "Then I am your sister, Ethel. Perhaps you don't remember me, but I have come all the way from London to find you."

Frederick Greensdale ran away from home in London twenty years ago when his sister was a baby. After waiting in vain for years for word from him his relatives

gave him up for dead. After she had grown up to womanhood Miss Ethel Greensdale learned of a Greensdale living in Jamestown, and decided to investigate in person. The Greensdales have another sister, Mrs. James Murray, of Chester, W. Va.

"Don't Worry—Live Long."

"Don't worry over things and you will not be nervous and you will sleep well. If you sleep well you will be happy, and if you are happy you will live long."

This is the advice given by Joseph Bradbury, of South Orange, N. J., to his seven children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren at his ninety-third birthday celebration recently.

Born in Nottingham, England, Mr. Bradbury came to this country when he was 18 years old. He has always been a total abstainer. He has not smoked in eighteen years.

Man Railroaded to Asylum.

Asahel Lehr, a young farmer, of Daviess County, Mo., was released from the State Hospital for the Insane, at St. Joseph, Mo., on a writ of habeas corpus by Judge Charles H. Mayer.

Lehr and some of his neighbors near Winston had been having trouble, and recently he was committed to the asylum by the Daviess County court. His application for release on a habeas corpus writ alleges that he was taken into custody without cause and knew nothing of having been adjudged insane until the sheriff started for St. Joseph with him.

The county clerk of Daviess County testified that Lehr was not in court when he was pronounced insane, and Judge Mayer held that the act of the county court was illegal. Lehr displayed no signs of being insane. His mother and brother instituted the proceedings to have him released.

Expects Ocean Flight Soon.

In an interview with the Paris correspondent of the London *Daily Mail* on the possibilities of a transatlantic flight, Glenn Curtiss said that he considered it extremely probable that the *Daily Mail's* \$50,000 prize for a hydroaëroplane flight across the Atlantic would be won next summer.

Mr. Curtiss said he knew of more than one aviator who was making serious preparations to win the prize, and admitted that he had been requested to supply engines in one case, though the organizer of the flight plan was not yet prepared to publish the details of his scheme.

Mr. Curtiss favors a descent in the course of the journey for the purpose of obtaining gasoline and other supplies from a liner. He says that an American who is contemplating the attempt, however, would try to make the journey in thirty-six hours without stopping.

Roosevelt's Hunting Trip.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt on his arrival at Porto Martinho, near the Paraguayan boundary, aboard a Paraguayan gunboat, was received by a Brazilian commission, according to a dispatch from that place, and the entire party proceeded to Corumba. From there the Roosevelt party will make an early start on a hunting expedition.

Later the expedition will divide into two parties and penetrate the interior. It is probable that they will remain

in the jungle for a month. One will descend the River Madeira, and the other, under the direction of Colonel Roosevelt, will descend one of the smaller rivers, making explorations as far as the Madeira. There the parties will form a junction and proceed together to Manaos.

"Mystery Ship" Launched.

The battle cruiser *Tiger*, known as the "mystery ship," was launched recently at the Clydebank Shipbuilding Works, at Glasgow, where her keelplate was laid on June 20, 1912.

Details of the new vessel have been guarded most strictly by the admiralty. It is known, however, that her engines are designed to give the hitherto unattempted horse power of 100,000, calculated to develop a speed which will eclipse that of any naval vessel afloat.

Unofficial reports give the *Tiger's* dimensions as: Length over all, 700 feet; beam, 90 feet; displacement, about 30,000 tons. Her armament is said to comprise eight 13.5-inch guns in pairs in turrets on a center line, and twelve 6-inch guns in casemates, with two 21-inch submerged torpedo tubes.

Ask Pardon for Man Whom Law Overlooked.

Letters asking a pardon for Joshua Tedford, formerly a policeman and now superintendent of one of Chicago's largest retail stores, who was convicted ten years ago on a charge of conspiracy to defeat justice, have been sent by prominent city and county officials to Governor Dunne, of Illinois.

Following his sentence from one to five years in prison on the charge of having enabled a witness in an important case to escape, Tedford appealed to the State supreme court. In 1906 the higher court announced that the sentence must stand. But nothing was heard of Tedford, who had been released on bond, until the other day it was discovered that he had risen to the superintendency of the big store. He had gone there as a private detective and proved so capable that he was speedily advanced. He told his employers his story, saying he was innocent of the charge against him. The millionaire owners of the store will stand by him now.

Mice Make Homes in His Pockets.

Donning his fishing trousers, which he had not worn for weeks, Frank Hawks, junior, of Middletown, N. Y., put his hand into one of the pockets and was bitten on the finger by a mouse. He put his other hand into the other pocket and was bitten by another mouse. The mice had established homes for the winter in the pockets.

Owes Life to Cheap Pants.

The fact that his trousers were not of sufficiently flimsy material to stand the strain saved the life of John Schmidt, a farmer, of Chester, S. D., when his trousers became caught in the machinery while he was elevating a load of corn into a crib.

Had the trousers not given away and released him he would have been seriously injured and in all probability killed. As it was he escaped with a broken ankle bone.

Real "Goat Getting." This.

"He got my goat, officer," said Frederick H. Schaupt, of Fulton Street, near Woodhull Avenue, Hollis, Queens, N. Y., running up to Patrolman Kubler, of Jamaica, re-

cently. "He got my goat from the top of a brewery motor truck."

"Don't pay any attention to kidding, and you'll have less to worry about," said the policeman soothingly. "Those motorists seem to like to get people's goats, and then burn up gas getting away. Forget it."

"Not on your tintype!" said Schaupt. "He shot my goat with a rifle from the top of his blamed old motor truck."

Then Kubler got busy, and the police later arrested a man who said he was Fred Feldman, twenty, of No. 1479 First Avenue, Manhattan. The police say he had a rifle in the truck. He was charged with cruelty to animals.

Wants Grain-fed Armies.

Doctor Josiah Oldfield, lecturing in London, recently, on dietetics, had something to say which is interesting in view of Secretary Garrison's decision to eliminate chocolate as a United States army ration.

"Give me an army corps for twelve months," said Doctor Oldfield, "and I will solve some of the world's most important problems of dietetics. What a waste that soldiers in times of peace should be kept pipe-claying belts when they might be used for valuable scientific experiments."

"The great armies of the world, said Doctor Oldfield, were fed on grain, oil, and wine; and Caesar's soldiers on one occasion, mutinied because they were served with mutton instead of corn. If men were fed on grain and oil they would not get drunk on wine. If the people of England lived on grain and oil for six days they could drink wine on the seventh, enjoy it, and feel all the better for it. He challenged any man to find a vegetarian drunkard.

Food, he said, had three aspects—sustenance, sufficiency for extra output, and for pure pleasure. Grain represented the first, oil, the second, and wine, the third.

Cruelty to Burn Rats?

"Is it cruelty to animals to burn rats to death?" This question will be decided in the courts of Cleveland, Ohio, when Steuben Carman is tried on a charge of cruelty to animals. He cremated five rats he had caught in a cage.

A local attorney will defend Carman free of charge. He will contend that it is no more cruel to burn a rat than it is to give a rat poison, the action of which he claims, is slow and painful.

Piano Music Used as an Anaesthetic.

With his heart too weak to stand an anesthetic, the nerves of Stephen Klanatsky, fourteen years old, were lulled to rest recently at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., by music while a surgeon reopened a wound in his left arm, repaired an artery, and then sewed it up.

An artery in Klanatsky's wrist was cut with a rope while at play. The first repair of the artery was not successful, and Doctor John N. Bassin decided to reopen the wound and do the work over again. The boy's heart was too weak for ether, and Doctor Bassin called a little girl in from next door and asked her what was the liveliest piece she could play on the piano. She said it was the "Highland Fling."

She was asked to play it the best she could, and the boy was directed to concentrate his mind on the music. He did so, and the surgeon performed the operation with-

difficulty. Later the boy said he felt little pain. Doctor Bassin said he had used music as an anesthetic on a man less than a year ago, and that it had proved satisfactory.

To Lock Up Liberty Bell.

Pennsylvania's commission to the Panama-Pacific Exposition has determined not to erect a duplicate of Independence Hall at San Francisco, Cal., owing to the heavy cost, but to have a central pavilion with colonnade and wings. In the pavilion will be a space for the Liberty Bell, with a fireproof vault in one of the side buildings, so that the bell can be protected from fire and be placed under lock and key at night, should it be sent to the exposition.

President Ban Johnson Favors World's Series.

President Ban Johnson, of the American League, has gone on record as favoring the retention of the world's series as played in recent seasons. He is opposed to any substitution on the ground that it might cause a diminution in interest in the game.

The world's series, which is the culmination of the races in the two major leagues, is largely responsible for the wonderful interest in baseball, according to Johnson's opinion.

"I am willing to admit there are two evils arising from the world's series, but these are offset by the tremendous interest in every city, village, and hamlet in the country caused by these great post-season clashes," said Johnson.

"The Chicago series causes more interest in that city than the world's series, and it is run on the same plan."

Cure for Mushroom Poisoning.

A cure for mushroom poisoning discovered by Doctor Louis Oliver, one of the most distinguished chemists of France, was presented recently before the Society of Comparative Pathology. After a demonstration that mushroom poisoning destroys the red corpuscles of the blood he stated that his neutralizing agent was a serum from a sheep. The preparation was extremely simple. He drew the blood from a sheep and allowed it to coagulate, the liquid resulting being the serum. This he injected into the veins of a human being. In the country districts of France there are annually hundreds of serious cases of mushroom poisoning, which, the society now hopes, may be easily cured.

Announced His Own Death.

The authorities at Antibes, near Cannes, France, are investigating a queer case, which they term "the living dead."

A few years ago a wealthy contractor, who had built many famous edifices at Monte Carlo, Nice, and other Côte d'Azur resorts, was announced to be dead.

A funeral procession departed from his magnificent villa, called Star of the Sea, and went to the village cemetery, where the body was duly interred.

It now appears that the contractor is alive and had arranged the funeral to escape his creditors. It develops that the debts were contracted by his son, living in Paris.

Since the funeral the villa has been closed and the magnificent gardens abandoned. When the first news of the death arrived in Paris the creditors dropped the pur-

suit. Last July, while crossing a street in Cannes, the supposed dead man was recognized by a former friend. Since then he has been seen by others in Nice and Antibes.

The authorities intend to disinter the coffin and are seeking to discover who sent out the funeral notices and arranged for the death certificate. One acquaintance has come forward with the declaration that the funeral invitations were sent out in the dead man's handwriting.

Needle Prick Kills Doctor.

Doctor William C. Bartrum, of St. Luke's Hospital, Newburgh, N. Y., died at his home in that city recently from blood poisoning, resulting from a prick of his finger with a needle while engaged in an operation at the hospital Thanksgiving Day. He was 34 years of age. He was graduated from the Columbia Medical School in 1904, and later took a course in the medical school of the University of Vienna.

Doctor Bartrum realized from the first the danger that attended his case and took every precaution to prevent the spread of the poison.

Aerial Post to Riviera.

The success of the first experiment in France of an aerial post, started in time to catch a steamer at Paulliac, has so pleased the minister of commerce that he has decided to continue the service and to try an aerial mail to the Riviera also.

This project would be specially appreciated by visitors in the South during the season, as they might have their letters and newspapers from Paris in the evening instead of the following morning.

The present plan is to send an aerial messenger to Nice, stopping on the way at Lyons and Marseilles. An aeroplane, leaving Paris in the early morning, it is calculated, could easily cover the distance in twelve or fourteen hours, and even less if the wind were favorable. It would also shorten the time for the evening mail from London, as letters sent at night and reaching Paris in the morning might be delivered at Nice the same evening.

The first attempt will probably be made by M. Gilbert, but he will start from Illes Moulineaux instead of Villacoublay, which means the saving of about an hour. The extra expense on letters will be about four cents.

Eight Navahos Are Jailed.

Federal Judge William G. Hope imposed a light sentence on the eight renegade Indians who were the cause of the United States sending a troop of cavalry recently to Beautiful Mountain on the Navaho Reservation, in San Juan County, N. M. The two ringleaders were given thirty days and the six others fifteen days. General Scott, to whom the Indians surrendered, recommended clemency.

Ninety-year Old, He Runs Down Fine Fox.

Although he is nearly ninety, David Benjamin, of Riverhead, N. Y., known as "Uncle Dave," still has an eye that is keener than the eye of a fox. Any one who doubts this can see the fine fox "Uncle Dave" brought back from a hunt, slain with his rifle. The old man's hands and face were scratched by briars as he crawled on all fours through the woods. But he got his game.

It is the boast of the aged hunter that for seventy-five years he has never failed to bag game worth while. As long as the State permitted an open season for deer

shooting he always got a buck or two. Since a long close season has been declared he shoots 'coons, 'possums, and foxes.

Autos Kill 416 in New York.

During the last eleven months 416 users of public highways were killed and 2,149 injured in New York State by automobiles and other motor vehicles, according to a statement made by Mitchell May, secretary of state.

In commenting upon the automobile death rate May said it was apparent that "there is something radically wrong both in the law and its enforcement, as this sacrifice of human life, almost double that of last year, is too heavy a toll to pay for the advantages of the automobile."

Baseball's Death Toll.

Fifteen deaths constituted the toll in baseball games during the 1913 season, according to figures compiled and published at Chicago recently. The report shows that the greatest death toll was in Chicago, where three persons were killed by pitched balls.

Twelve of the victims were killed by being hit in the head by the ball direct from the hands of the pitcher. Foul tips were responsible for the other three deaths. The report points out that all of the players killed were unskilled in the game, and that none of the major-league players received fatal injuries. Following is a list of the fatalities:

May 18, B. Parroto, Chicago; 23, V. Faught, Cozard, Neb.; 26, J. Brushkeitz, Baltimore, and 30, F. Greenwald, Holland, N. Y.

June 1, C. Brown, Chicago; 2, W. Wiggins, Kearney, N. J.; 2, P. Smith, Anacostes, Wash.; 2, F. C. Whittemore, junior, New Haven, Conn.; 3, J. G. Gillespie, Chattanooga, Tenn.; 13, R. H. Black, Charleroi, Pa.; 17, J. Whetstone, New Orleans; 25, M. Ruth, Jacksonville, Ind.; 23, F. W. Reed, Harvey, Ill., and 23, M. McCoy, Chicago.

August 30, L. Roberts, Philadelphia.

Saves Birds of Paradise.

In consequence of a long agitation on the part of German humane societies against the killing of birds of paradise for millinery purposes, the colonial office has just announced that no permits to hunt such birds will be granted in 1914 in German New Guinea.

In the meantime an exhaustive investigation will be made in regard to the breeding habits of birds of paradise with a view to ascertaining if the ban on the killing of them should not be made permanent.

Germans who have agitated against aigrette wearing cordially approve the recent action of the American authorities.

Set Train Signals by Wireless Now.

Since the first wireless-telegraph message from a moving train to a fixed station was flashed from the fast Lackawanna Limited to Scranton, Pa., some time ago, the improvement of the wireless service between trains and stations for commercial and operating purposes has been steadily going on. L. B. Foley, the Lackawanna's superintendent of telegraph, who originated the idea of the train wireless system, and has been in charge of the tests, is making satisfactory experiments in fields hardly thought of when the new use of wireless was first conceived.

The latest accomplishment is the setting of signals by wireless from a moving train or from a fixed wireless sta-

tion. When Mr. Foley reached New York from his test trip he said that there was no longer any doubt that wireless could be depended on for this signal service. If an operator at a station, he said, wants to set a signal for a moving train not in communication with him he can cause the semaphore blade of the signal post to rise or fall as he wishes by simply sounding the proper dots and dashes on his key.

"Signals can be set by wireless," said Mr. Foley, "as easily and as surely as they are now set by electricity conducted in wires. We have a selective device by which an operator can set a signal at any point if he has occasion to flag a train.

"This means that if any mistakes are made in the orders issued to engineers and conductors at stations or in the case of any emergency in which a train must be stopped to avert an accident the station operator can signal the train as certainly as if he had direct wire communication with some one on board.

"Another valuable use to which the wireless-controlled signals can be put," said Mr. Foley, "is the handling of freight trains on long runs. At present a through freight must make many stops between its starting point and destination, so that orders and instructions concerning right of way can be delivered to the conductors, but these frequent stops are a source of expense and delay which will be abolished by the wireless telegraph.

Dana Back to Teaching.

Edmund L. Dana, grandson of Henry W. Longfellow, the poet, and formerly an instructor of philosophy at Harvard, has returned to teaching after a year spent in the rôle of laborer by accepting a professorship in philosophy at Washington College, Chestertown, Md.

Mr. Dana created a stir in society circles about a year ago by marrying Miss Jessie Halliday, an English miniature painter, the knot being tied by a justice of the peace, and a ritual of the couple's own making substituted for the customary service.

Mr. Dana, who is a Socialist, then took a position as a stoker on a railroad. Later he worked as a farm hand, a car conductor, and as a reporter.

A Monkey Cocaine Fiend.

Doctor Marcel Briand showed an interesting case recently at a meeting of the Clinical Society of Mental Medicine, at Paris, France—a monkey suffering from a drug habit.

The monkey was the pet of a woman cocaine taker, and the extraordinary feature of the case is that the monkey acquired the habit spontaneously, and not by imitation of his mistress.

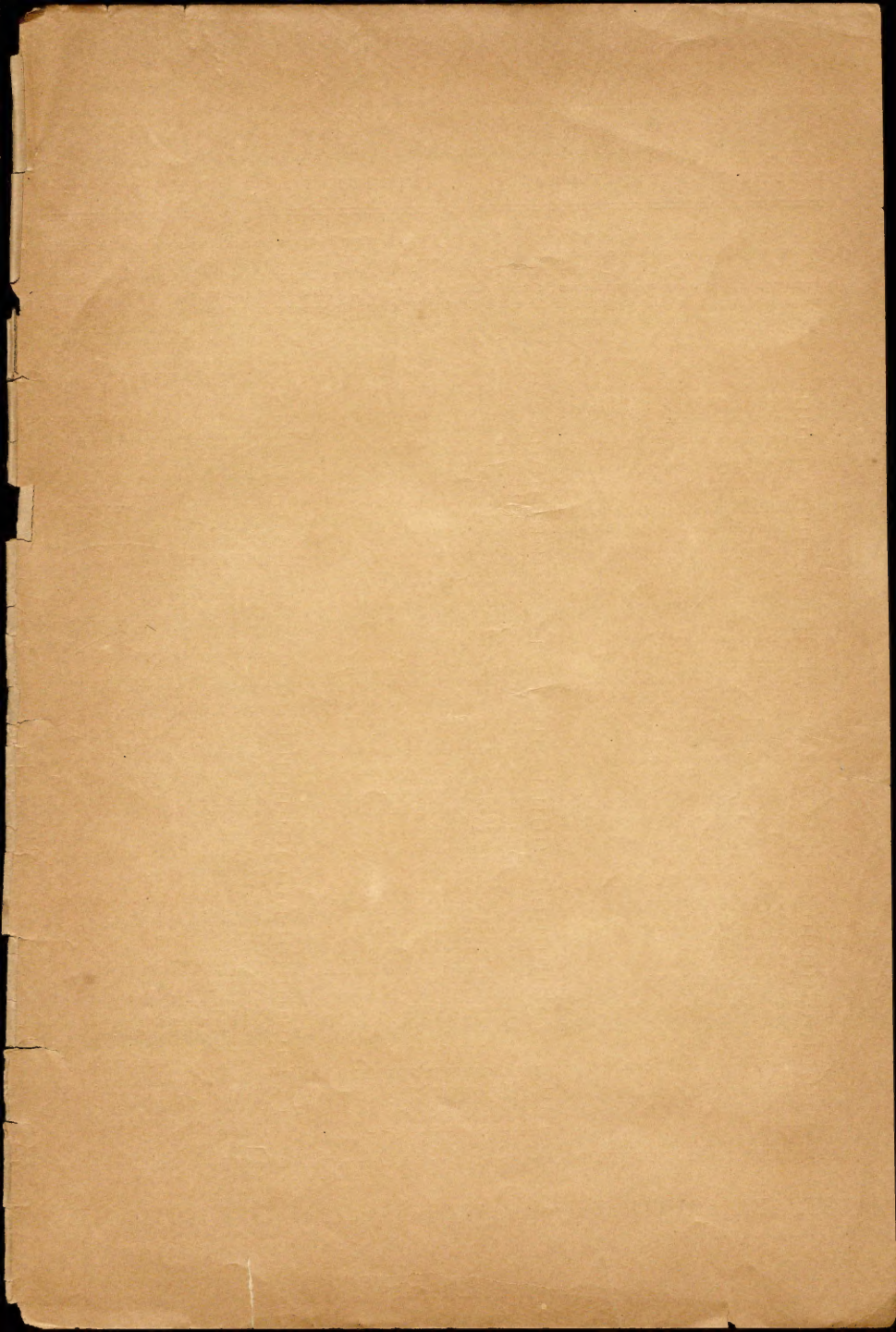
The animal searches ceaselessly for the drug and sniffs it up his nose. It appears to experience the sensations and all the hallucinations of sight and touch of a human being addicted to the habit.

Girl Swims Panama Canal.

Miss Elaine Golding, of Brooklyn, N. Y., recently swam through the Panama Canal. Aided by the tide, she covered the distance from Miraflores Locks to Balboa, five miles and seven-tenths, in two hours and five minutes.

She was not permitted to swim through the Culebra Cut, as Colonel Goethals considered it dangerous.

The total distance actually swum was thirty-eight miles, and Miss Golding did it, in three relays, in nineteen hours



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